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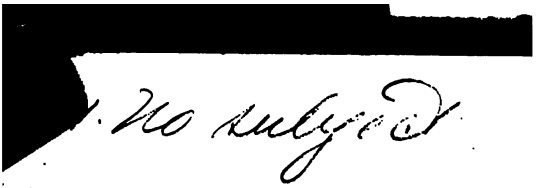

VIRGINIA,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN HENRY VOSBURG.

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ALFRED MARTIEN.

PREFACE.

ONLY the first piece in this collection is of recent composition. It was written a year ago, and published serially in a weekly journal of this city. The remaining poems were all written at much earlier dates. They are thought- and fancy-records of many years, and nearly all the shorter ones have appeared in periodicals.

In the year 1859, the author prepared for the press a volume consisting of Amoron and a number of smaller pieces, some of which are retained in this collection. Portions of Amoron were published in periodicals about this time, but the design of issuing the whole was abandoned, until the unexpectedly favorable

reception of Virginia, as it appeared in the columns of a journal, and the encouraging opinions of friends in whose judgment the author had confidence, induced the venture of this volume.

J. H. V.

PHILADELPHIA, December, 1864.

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VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA:

A TALE OF CONTRABANDS.

PROLOGUE.

PROUD Commonwealth! foremost of mother States,
And nurse of Statesmen! sternly have the Fates,
In dark Rebellion's storm,
With war-clouds veiled thy form:
Weeping thy slain, like Rachel, nought thy woe abates.

Roman Virginius his own daughter slew
To save from bondage, and dishonor's hue;
Thy father Government
Has given thee punishment
In love; then let thy young devotion burn anew.

For thou hast sinned, like her whose tale I tell—
One of thy daughters. Break that curst love's spell!
Let Truth deliver thee
From blood and slavery,
Then Peace the ills thy crimes have brought shall soon dispel!

THE CAMPS AT NIGHT.

I.

On Rappahannock, through the Union camps
The darkness came, as o'er the sorrowing land
Rebellion's curse had spread. Like Freedom's lamps
The night-fires blazed. Above, the starry band
Of peace were veiled with clouds, as Hell had thrown
Its shadow over all things fair and good.
The River wandered, with a fearful moan,
Through fields that withered 'neath a dew of blood.

The sentinels, on either side the stream—
Union and Rebel—saw each other's forms
But dimly, and the darkness made them seem
Like shadowy spectres—as Rebellion s storms
Had blown a mist of hate before their eyes.
To each lone watcher for the steeds of Death
Came, like scant star-beams through the darkened skies,
Sweet home-thoughts, forcing gusts of grief-blown breath.

II.

Ere yet tattoo announced the hour of sleep,
Around the camp-fires squads of men were met,
With tales, and songs, and jokes, striving to keep
Dull thoughts away, and happier scenes forget.

Apart, the General's tent stood sentineled,
In which, before a table, sat the chief;
His head leaned on one hand, whose fellow held
Unrolled the map he pondered. Very brief
The orders that he gave his officers,
Who came and went from tents arranged without.
Orderlies to and fro, with clinking spurs
And clattering sabres, hurried. None could doubt
That battle-bolts were ready—whether forged
In the Vulcanian shop at Washington,
Or from the General's laboring brain disgorged,
As sprang Minerva through Jove's severed crown.

III.

Farther removed, as shrinking from the sight,
A camp where bales and grain-bags strew the ground;
Where wagons stand; mules bray, and kick, and bite;
And genii contrabands are loitering round.

About a roaring fire was grouped a crowd,
Whose colored visages showed still the hue
Of dark Rebellion's all-enfolding cloud:
Or were these imps the primal, devilish crew
That brought Secession's darkness on the land?
The very clouds of war—still hovering round,
Flashing Death's lightning with an unseen hand
When battle's dreadful thunder-bolts resound?
Yet, if the imps of Darkness these might be,
Some power had striven to make them sons of Ligl
White hues combating shadows one could see,
Like fire-glows struggling with the shades of nigh
And, more or less illumined, many a face
Showed shades like those of eve or morning gray;
Progressive twilight-beings of their race
Are such—a cross betwixt the night and day.

Whate'er their sort, or what their destiny,
No gloom their outside on their spirits cast,
For very kings of mirth and jollity
They seemed. If clouds, a not unlucky blast,
Methinks, had driven them on, for happy showers
Of mirthfulness fell from them, making grow,
In barren lands, the plants of hope and flowers
Of gaiety beneath joy's solar glow.
The chuckling banjo, laughing violin,
And pealing voices made the shades of night

To dance with mirth, and the unceasing din
Seemed like a carnival of mad delight.
This song a clear-voiced youngster shouted loud,
The answering chorus bellowed by the jovial crowd:—

SONG.

Before the war, if things went wrong,
The darkey was to pay;
Now blue-coats fight, and gray-coats fight,
The darkey runs away.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away, come away ye darkies all!
For don't you hear our Uncle Sam his colored nephews call?

Plantation darkies drop their hoes;
House-servants cut their sticks;
And both together leave behind
The land of blows and kicks.
Come away, come away, &c.

They hear the voice of Abraham
Call out to come away!
And so they jump the gulf between,
And will no longer stay.
Come away, come away, &c.

They go to seek the promised land,
Where each his own may keep;
And where, beneath the stars and stripes,
At last we all may sleep.
Come away, come away, &c.

IV.

Soon as the song had ceased a cry was raised,
For "Joseph! Joseph! Come, old man, a speech!"
One said: "You know your talk was always praised
When to the colored folks you used to preach."

Thus called, a quaint old darkey raised his head,
That with a shock of short-curled hair was thatched;
Then reared his stooping form, full habited
In army blue: his ancient poll he scratched,
As signaling ideas to appear.
From features swart, as through a curtain dark
A lamp's rays shine—blending with marks of fear
And mirth—gleamed something that seemed Wisdom's spark.
Sure, Contemplation, from the useful stores
Experience brings, had built in that rude form
A wall of faith that might stand firm when roars
Adversity's most unrelenting storm.

V.

Mounted upon a bale of hay he stands,
And thus he speaks:—

THE CONTRABAND'S SPEECH.

Assembled contrabands—
When the good Lord gave to the darkey speech
He meant him for to use the gift.
A horse or mule can't preach,
We can, if we've got brains enough. The drift
Of what I mean is, that we have a soul,
And voice to let it out. It need not seem so droll
For me to tell you what I know and feel,
If that the Lord reveal,
To me some truth that every one don't know.
Then listen to me while I try to show
What darkies are and may be in this land.

The Lord brought his own people, by the hand
Of Moses, out of Egypt—but for sin
He made them wander in the wilderness,
And Moses he could only just look in
From Pisgah's top, and try to guess
How much corn could be raised on that same ground.
Perhaps the black man never found

His Moses, and perhaps he has;
You know the song that says
"John Brown's soul is marching on"——

"Heaven *rest* John Brown's poor soul!" said one;
"For it has marched enough, and ought to camp
By this time."

I tell you that soul's a lamp
To every darkey's feet that runs away.
It doesn't tire that soul to tramp;
It's like a Jack-o'-lantern, go or stay
To it is all the same;
It's like this fire's big flame
That shows you things you couldn't see without.
That soul was made for something, there's no doubt;
No one denies it was an honest one,
And in the flesh its work was just begun.

"John Brown was justly hanged," a soldier said;
"He broke the laws; the sin was on his head."

I grant you that, my friend,
And yet he died for some good end.
The work he meant to do seems bad, but why
He tried and failed we may know by and by.
As Moses from the mountain only saw
The promised land, so old John Brown—

"Yah! yah!"
One laughed, "His Pisgah was the gallows-beam."

Well, then, it may be that his dream
Of good to us became reality
When he was swung upon the gallows-tree,
And that his soul may still march on
To finish what was then begun.
His death has taught us this, my friends:
However just may be our ends
We must not take the sword in our own hand
To cut a knot we do not understand.
And it has made our race to know
A good white man could die for those so low
As we are;—let this comfort bring,
Till every darkey thinks himself a king.

We have come out of Egypt, but we yet
Are in the wilderness. The Lord has set
A task for us which must be done
Before the promised land is won.
We must be servants still,
And work, too, with a will
To cross the stream of sin and ignorance,
And from unequal laws earn full deliverance.

VI.

The old man's speech was greeted with a din
Of hearty cheers. Here word came that a band
Was by a squad of cavalry brought in,
From a late trooper's raid made contraband.
Some dozen came—in sex, and age, and size
Diverse, and all were poorly clothed upon;
They looked about with pleased and wondering eyes,
And seemed to think the goal of promise won.

Two only, of this crowd we care to know—
The one, half black man, in whose features young,
Some traits of shrewdness and of goodness show,
Yet over all a cloud of fierceness hung.
The other girl, whose slighter shaded skin
Told her three-fourths white woman: a sad face,
Though dark, yet sweet, showed a fine soul within
Her form was pleasing as a sculptured Grace.
In dark eyes passion struggled with despair,
Yet both were by a tender love-light quelled
When on the tiny face she looked—more fair
Than hers—of one her round arms softly held.

Something alike the man and woman seemed
In feature. Of one mother were they born;
She of an earthly father only dreamed;
His sire, like him, was heir to toil and scorn.
Virginia was her name: Antonio his—
Tony, in brief, and Ginny were they called.
In childhood each the other's star of bliss
Had been, nor yet that earnest love had palled.

VII.

Tattoo had beaten, and now taps had told
The lights to vanish. Silence ruled the camps;
And Slumber came all senses to enfold,
Save theirs who watched for Danger's form, like lamps
Of safety, and of those who earnest worked
For great to-morrow, or reveled in to-day:
And Sprites of death about the confines lurked,
As scenting blood, and marked each destined prey.

Dreams came of every shade of good and ill,
Of joy and grief, with honey and with stings;
And, as each soul shows black or white, they fill
With such a shape as pain or pleasure brings.

Mixed was the draught that, on the bourn of death,
The colored damsel quaffed from Sleep's dark stream:

Dread shadows came, blown on by Sorrow's breath,
And stars of purer pleasure faintly gleam.
She dreamed of one whom once and still she loved,
And without "Master" never spoke his name;
And though the frowning Heavens disapproved,
She could not quench that all-subduing flame.
She dreamed of Freedom's glories, which to taste
She long had wished and prayed—then yearning turned,
With moaning heart, to where, in that dark waste
Of slavery, the fire of love still burned.

THE MARCH.

I.

Reveille wakes the camps before the Day
Appears, for us to make his semi-round.
A noise of mustering troops preludes the fray
That soon with blood shall stain accursed ground.

The march is sounded; onward moves the host,
Gaily as if the bugles cheered for home.
In time the fords are gained, the river crossed:
Like billows on they go, from which, like foam,
The patriotic strains of music float.

On this commanding hill-top let us stand,
And, as it flashes past us, we can note
The sinews of the Nation's armed right hand.

II.

Scouts and videttes, as guards have gone before.
Now comes the cavalry in solid ranks,
With battle-flags and guidons, four and four;
With officers and sergeants on the flanks.

The Chivalry of Labor, these brave men
Have won in many a fray the laurel crown
From brows of vain pretenders, and again
They march for fight, unheeding Danger's frown.

Here rides the General of the leading Corps,
Each shoulder double-starred; to left and right
His staff: the orderlies behind, and o'er
Them waves the blue Corps flag, with cross in white.

A one-starred General and his staff appear,
With banner of Division. After come
A Brigade chief and satellites. Now hear
The music of the bands, with fife and drum!

The infantry approach; the Regiments
Marching by platoons, sections, or the flank.
Colonels of both grades, Majors, Adjutants
Are mounted. With arms at will, rank after rank
The footmen march, with firm, though careless tread.
Some uniforms are new, some soiled and worn;
Of starred and striped banners overhead,
Some fresh appear, some riddled, blackened, torn.
True sons of Freedom are these men; they know
That Danger warns them in the fife and drum,
And that Death stands between them and the foe,
Yet freely for their Country have they come.

Brigades, Divisions, Corps,—still on they pass,
The martial strains re-echoing in each soul.
Now looking either way, we see the mass
Wind like a mighty river toward its goal.

The ambulances follow each Brigade
To bear the wounded from the battle-field.
"How with the dead?" The dead, alas! are laid
Where bodies to the heavens their spirits yield.

See this long line of field artillery!
These huge guns are the dreadful pipes of Death,
On which he blows his horrid minstrelsy,
With lips of fire, and flaming, sulphurous breath.
The panting horses labor up the steep,
Tugging along each cannon, forge, caisson;
The riders with loud yells, or curses deep,
With whip and spur urging their progress on.

There comes the chief whose will directs this host—
Unless he be a puppet, too—a troop
Behind with pennons to the breezes tossed!
His staff well uniformed—a dashing group.
And here and there among the crowd we view
Some men unarmed, and in civilian s dress,
Who tell the people what the soldiers do,
And how they do it, through the public Press.

The heavy wagon-trains come lumbering on,
  Groaning and creaking, with guards all about,
Mules bray and drivers swear in unison;
  And wagon-masters hurry, curse, and shout.
The heavy wagons stick, mules kick and flounce,
  Whips crack; some put their shoulders to the wheels;
In ruts, and over sticks and stones they bounce,
  While like a wind-stirred tree the cover reels.
Who scorns these has not passed through Wisdom's school;
  Although they show few traits of martial grace,
Not useless wagon, horse, or even mule—
  Mulatto of the horse and jackass race.

Look! riding on his near-wheel animal,
  Our Tony! pleased that he some work has got:
He guides his mules as though their admiral,
  Vocal and leather suasion sparing not.
And, on his wagon-box, Virginia, see!
  Pleasure with sadness struggling in her face;
Her lightly shaded baby on her knee,
  To each rude jolt her body sways with grace.

Stragglers, like refuse of the army, come;
  And yet not all are indolent or base,
For some are ill, with travel footsore some
  And cannot equal their companions' pace.

Not all are heavy-hearted, for this song
Rings like a bugle's echo as they pass along:—

SOLDIER'S SONG.

How sternly sweep the cruel tides
  Of war's sad desolation,
Till now a desert land divides
  Our once united Nation!
Yet still our hearts are true and strong,
  For in our ears is ringing
Of Union the undying song
  That all brave souls are singing.

Here sons of every clime unite
  To fight the fight of Nations,
Where our blest Land maintains the right
  For future generations.
And still the sons of Freedom come
  From mountain, plain, and valley,
With banner, bugle, fife, and drum—
  For Right and Country rally!

Then courage, brothers! o'er our heads
  The stars of Love are beaming
With light the sun of Peace still sheds,
  Below th' horizon gleaming!

We know, to Winter's dreary life
Succeed the blossoms vernal,
And that, unslumbering o'er the strife,
Still sits the calm Eternal!

THE BATTLE.

I.

In long array our battle-lines are set,
Waiting the foe or signal to advance;
The sunbeams flash on sword and bayonet,
That spire like rods to ward Death's lightning glance.

In two lines, by Brigades, the Corps are placed,
The watch-dog cannon in each interval;
The skirmishers in front are widely spaced;
Reserves behind for moments critical.
Here rifle-pits are dug, and trees are felled,
To fence out the Destroyer's delegates·
The flanks with cavalry are sentineled;
Guarded or closed are all of Danger's gates.

From each extreme the chiefs obliquely lined,
From less to greater rearward take their place;
The first of all at furthest space behind,
Apex of the triangle—the front the base.

Like words on wires electric, to and fro
Ride messengers to tell each General's will:
All wait for battle's cannon-blasts to blow,
And ramping Carnage longs his hungry maw to fill.

II.

Hark! the dogs of hell are loosened, hear their bayings fierce and loud,
Breathing flame and sulphurous smoke that rises up a darkening cloud;
Veiling out the glorious sun
With those vapors rank and dun,
And enveloping each army as with dark Destruction's shroud.

Now the lesser curs' sharp barkings mingle with that deep-mouthed roar;
Surely all the fiends infernal have escaped from hell's black shore,
And, unless soon backward hurled,
They will blast our fairest World,
Slaying all its worthy peoples, staining all its fields with gore.

Through the air rush shrieking demons, some are large
and some are small;
Some in headlong haste hiss by us · some among our
brave men fall,
Tearing heads and limbs away,
Raging both to maim and slay
Others bursting, multiply themselves with power
magical.

Still the hellish conflict rages, and all sounds are blent
in one,
Louder far than ocean's roar, with thunders, winds in
unison.
Faster still the demons pour;
Louder yet their voices roar;
And the frantic Earth now staggers, blinded from her
darling Sun.

What a flood of glorious rapture rushes bounding
through our veins,
Though our ear-drums ache with echoing the battle's
deafening strains;
Who would care to turn and fly?
Who would fear in blood to die?
While this tingling ecstacy can make unfelt death's
keenest pains!

Yet 'tis sad to see them going by the thousand—such brave souls!
For at home there will be wailings, while a briny tear-flood rolls.
Then the shattered, broken, maimed,
From whom Death has tribute claimed
As instalments on the debt they owe when his last summons tolls.

God! how long shall unchained devils thus through thy dominions rage,
Blotting out the fairest writings thou hast made on Nature's page?
Shall the sword ne'er cease to slay?
Will not Peace assert her sway?
When, oh when! shall burst the sunlight of Love's happy, golden age?

III.

Sudden, unlooked for, had the wary foe
In columns huge swept down upon our flank;
Too small our force to stem that torrent's flow,
And broken, whelmed, back rolled rank after rank;
Until a firmer bulwark barred the way,
From which the foemen's lines in turn recoiled,
And, beaten back disordered, yield the day;
Of victory so nearly won, despoiled.

But while this passed a troop of horse had gained
Our rear, and dashed upon a wagon-train;
Among the teamsters wild disorder reigned,
For contrabands heard clanking Slavery's chain,
And every way they scatter, sick with fear:
Some hide, and from their places peep like elves;
And some, with trembling hands, the teams ungear,
For faster legs than Nature gave themselves.

And Tony, too, was scared; but most for her,
His sister. And so he unhitched a mule
For flight. He would not be a prisoner,
Nor have her pine in Slavery's iron rule.
He calls to her to mount. Amazed she stands;
Why did she turn like Lot's too curious wife?
Why tremble so those infant-holding hands?
'Tis he! more dear than Freedom or than life!

A moment thus, and then the rallied guard
Had poured a murderous volley on the foe;
And many forms were tumbled on the sward,
And lives were doomed in streams of blood to flow:
His, too,—and rushing forward with a shriek,
Unheeding Tony's frantic, warning calls,
With streaming hair, and terror-whitened cheek,
Virginia on the lifeless body falls.

Now Rebel hands that unresisting form
  Have seized, and placed on horseback with her
    child;
And fast they fly before the deathful storm,
  Their hearts undented by her wailings wild.

And she has gone to Slavery again,
That fatal love resoldering her broken chain.

THE COLORED VOLUNTEER.

I.

His breast with anguish torn, had Tony seen
His Ginny stolen, yet felt he could not save.
His days and nights brought only grief most keen,
Yet far too deep his woe to weep or rave.
And something he would do to calm his soul,
And quell the rage for vengeance in his breast;
For while the waves of grief and fury roll,
No peaceful thoughts can come to give him rest.

And now he hears ring like a blast of hope
The proud Decree: *The black man, too, can fight!*
And latent Manhood bursts the envelope
Of long debasement, rising in its might.
He, late debarred from every natural right,
Tossed on the social tide like odious foam,
Has now the glorious privilege to fight—
To bleed—to die: for Freedom, Country, Home!
Fight! will he not fight? Ha! Let Rebels quail,
Backed though they be by all the powers of hell,
When on them sweeps this fierce, hope-loosened gale,
The black clouds darting vengeful lightnings fell.

Tony has thrown away the whip, and now
The shoulder bears a gun that once has felt'
The lash: not Slavery's iron crowns his brow,
Nor, round his waist, her chain that leathern belt.

Down in the far Southwest one day, was tried
The mettle of the Nation's new allies.
Fiercely they fought as sweeps the river's tide,
Increased by pouring rain from summer skies.
Tony was there, foremost among the brave;
Love, sorrow, rage, commingled in his breast,
With memory of wrongs while yet a slave,
Made valor fierce that slew his spirit's rest.

II.

One night a lately freed one told a tale—
When round the camp-fire song and jest had tired—
Of one but lately brought far South; a frail
But beauteous quadroon maid whom all admired.
Gentle and sad she was. It seemed she pined
For Freedom that she once in vain had sought;
Or wept for loved ones she had left behind,
Sold from her home and friends and hither brought;
Virginia was she called. At that dear name,
Up started Tony from a gloomy trance:

It must be she! Hope's cinders burst in flame:
To Heaven he vows her quick deliverance.

III.

And *Sergeant* Tony asked a squad of men,
As for some reconnoitring scheme or raid;
Which soon obtained, he started quickly then
Resolved to die or succor that loved maid.

Guided by him who late had left her place,
They passed through sheltering cane-brake and through wood
Of foliage thick, where branches interlace—
Shunning each spot where Rebel pickets stood.
The second night the place they sought was gained.
Waiting for friendly Sleep all eyes to shut,
They hid without till silent midnight reigned;
Alone then Tony neared Virginia's hut.
He taps her window-pane—an asking voice
Within is answered—then a joyous cry—
A door flung open—and two hearts rejoice
Beating together: and once more they fly.

The treacherous Day soon told Virginia's flight,
And men and bloodhounds followed on their trail,
And pickets watched for them: before the night,
To catch the fugitives they scarce can fail.

For dogs what cared brave Tony and his band?
They reached a forest as the darkness neared;
Some Rebel cavalry before them stand;—
One volley—and their way again is cleared.
They gain the opening as the daylight breaks;
A Rebel picket their approach awaits;
Their sharp-voiced wrath a yelping echo makes;
Adverse to Tony now the dark-browed Fates.
Again the black men rally in the wood;
'Tis near the Union lines;—our pickets hear
The firing, and, its cause soon understood,
A force is sent, and Rebels fly in fear.

But first, a hell-directed bullet hits
Our hero, Tony, shattering his arm.
Now, borne to camp, Virginia by him sits
Through nights and days, as if all ill to charm.

IV.

Slowly he mends: but now no more for him
The march, the bivouac, or the battle-field;
An honored stump, where once a perfect limb,
Against all shafts of scorn is now his shield.

And with Virginia and her child he goes
Where skies of Freedom smile on lands of peace;
And round them sweet Content her radiance throws;
And stars of hope show Climes where all their ills
shall cease.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SONGS OF NATURE.

PRELUDE.

Poet of the Deity,
  Beaming his smiles!
Radiance of eternity!
  Fair as joy's isles!
Glass God revealing;
Voice loudly pealing,
  Heard in each tone:
Seen in the sky above;
Seen in each field and grove;
Seen in fair shapes of love
  Circling earth's zone,
Underneath and overhead
Bourn betwixt the quick and dead.

Dropping from the bowl of day,
  Bright golden hours;
Heard in sweet birdling's lay;
  Blooming in flowers;
Sparkling in starlight;
Glowing in moonlight;
  Golden at morn:
Going and coming e'er;
Dying and living here,
As through the changing year
  Seasons are born:
Seen in shapes both fair and grand
From mountain top or ocean strand.

Nature's supreme delights
  Cheer all our days;
Seeing her lovely sights,
  Hearing her lays—
Voices most glorious,
Ringing harmonious
  Ever through air;
Dwelling both far and near;
Swelling both loud and clear;
Tones that we ever hear,
  Common and rare:
With eternal hymns of love
Answer they the spheres above.

I.

Over the hill tops,
Over the plain;
Bowing the tree tops,
Waving the grain,
The winds sweep by with a sigh or moan,
And thus they speak with musical tone:—

"We drive the clouds;
We drive the rain;
We scatter the leaves,
And scour the plain;
And ever we sing a mournful song,
As we rush with lightning speed along.

"In summer we sigh
With a softer tone;
In winter we wail
With a sadder moan;
We aid dread Ruin's songs to swell;
And sound in autumn the Summer's knell.

"We live where grief
And mourning dwell;
Of sorrow and wrong
We sadly tell;
The flowers tremble when we rush by
With our message dread, that all must die.

"The breath of the earth;
The voice of the grave;
We waken the storm
And slumbering wave;
We lash the sea into sparkling foam,
And sing of death wherever we roam."

II.

Hark, the deep-mouthed thunder's tone,
Pealing loud as a World's death groan;
Rolling through the sky!
Old Earth trembles at the sound,
While, with echo's deep rebound,
Lofty mounts reply.

"We are Grandeur's voice," they say;
"Rolling forth the Storm-king's lay,
Warnings of Earth's fate;

While the saddened Heavens weep
O'er the World's unquiet sleep,
Roused not till too late.

"Songs of war and fate we swell;
With the Darkness drear we dwell;
With the Storm we come;
Shrouded in a sable cloud,
O'er the rainbow shouting loud,—
Fierce Destruction's drum.

"Heaven's artillery are we;
Trumpet of the Deity,
Heralding his glance,
That, a harbinger of doom,
Pierces through the tempest's gloom,
Like a fiery lance."

III.

When Earth by maiden Spring is dressed
In light and blooming flowers;
And Beauty's fair spirits rest
In skies, and fields, and bowers;
From plain and grove
What songs of love,

Through the ether wide are ringing;—
These the songs the Birds are singing:—

"Echoes of the Angel bands,
We know the hymns of light,
Streaming from love-deluged lands,
That steal through silvery night.
For Earth we hear
Of a happier year;
And we tell our joyous dreaming,
While glad life the day is gleaming.

"Drinking rapture from above,
We sing, with Angel choirs,
Strains antiphonal of love
That Heaven's light inspires.
Of realms unseen,
Sweet, pure, serene;
Skies wherein no clouds are dwelling;
Joys but dreamed of, we are telling.

"Tarrying not when winter comes,
And cold winds pierce the flowers;—
Following where summer blooms,
And gladness wings the hours,

We e'er prolong
Our happy song;
For we know not grief or sorrow,—
Never fear the dread to-morrow.

"What men wish to be, we are;
What they would learn, we know:
Scenes of life are sometimes bare;
Time covers some with snow;—
Then hasten away,
Like us, nor stay
Where the flowers of life are dying;
Hope will wing souls grief-defying."

IV.

Emblem of majesty, entrancing wonder!
Great shadow of eternity!
Like Fate's decrees rolls thy unceasing thunder,
Thou awful billowy sea!
No earthly power above or under
Can equal thee.

Thy thunderous anthems echoing through the ages,
Repeat the storied lore of time;
Thou heard'st the words of Prophets and of Sages,
Earth nurtured in her lordly prime;

More sentient than the Poet's pages
Thy lays sublime.

All mighty rivers are thy vassals, bringing
Earth's gathered waters unto thee:
To mountains o'er thy raging deep is clinging,
In fear, each rock and trembling tree:
The eagle screams, above thee winging,
In savage glee.

The peaceful Isles upon thy bosom dwelling,
Lulled by thy murmurs, sweetly sleep;
And when in wrath thy fiercer lays are swelling,
The Stars look calmly on thy deep,
And ever, of serene lands telling,
Their vigils keep.

V.

With murmurs low the summer hours
Move drowsily along;
Each floweret drinks the dews and light,
And breathes its tiny song;

The insects hum in leafy trees,
And through the grassy dells;
The streamlets tinkle on their way;
A hymn the cataract swells.

Voices there are in every bower,
On every blade and leaf;
Both soft and loud, both sweet and harsh;
Of pleasure and of grief.

Voices there are no ear can hear;
More sweet than dreams of love;
And glad as well from joyous hearts,
Or hymning spheres above.

And hear the mingled chorus rise,
From all the tones of Earth,
Which answers back the starry choirs
That hailed her blessed birth!

CHORUS.

From the fount whence beauty welleth
Comes each melody of joy;
With the song the Day-king swelleth,
Sweet and pure without alloy.

But, conveyed through earthly senses,
Earthly seems the purest hymn,—
As the sunlight, gleaming purely,
Earth's surrounding vapors dim.

Love, and light, and sound together
  Dwell—all joys combined in one—
In the realm where all is glory;
  Never dimmed is Beauty's sun.

Sweet the song ye sang, O sisters!
  Cheering my new-lightened way,
When the fiat, thrilling through me,
  Chased the gloom and roused the day.

Still together circling onward,
  We in harmony will sing;
And our pæans, rapturous, holy,
  Through all space and time shall ring.

One grand hymn is all creation;
  Bars the worlds, each soul a note,
Swelling up to meet the chorus
  Poured from every blissful throat.

Lays of earth are all the ages;
  Through all time the song shall last,
Till the final note is sounded
  By the great Archangel's blast.

WINTER COMFORTS.

In the autumn mother Nature vents her mournful
breath in sighs;
Weeping her departed children, crying to the frowning
skies;
Like a being broken-hearted, wails for all her withered
flowers;
Grieves her absent birds and blossoms, darlings of the
summer hours;
Flutters like a mother robin, rattling at the window-
panes;
Spurning sympathetic comfort, shrieks along the bar-
ren plains:
And she pours her tale of sorrow in the ear of gloomy
Night,
Till December, chill and dreary, robes her form in
mourning white.

Viewing now the cheerless landscape, how the sadden-
ed spirit grieves;
All its sweet delights in Nature scattered with the fall-
ing leaves.

All our favorite haunts are dreary, robbed of hues
that made them gay;
Gone the soul of all their pleasure—genial warmth of
glowing day.
Flowers are dead, and beauty-shrouded leaves, the
zephyr's toys, are strown,
And the birds that sang of love from desolated homes
have flown.
But around the cheerful fireside there is comfort for us
still,
Though Destruction sweeps the valleys, or sits throned
upon the hill;

For the trees, now robbed of beauty, free our dwellings
from the cold;
And the sheen of summer meadows feeds the flocks
within the fold;
And the spoil of fields, now gathered, keeps dire hunger
from the door;
And the sweetness of the flowers honey-bees have laid
in store.
Here is love, and here is friendship, sweeter far than
radiant day;
And the happy talk and laughter, than the fairest
scenes more gay:

Or, if learning's joys allure us, vernal pleasure we may find,
Gathering stores of thought and fancy from the landscape of the mind;
Read the tales of gods and heroes; trace the devious course of time;
In imagination's bowers read the silvery-flowing rhyme.
We have songs from Poet warblers, pleasure's summer hours have taught;
Sweets from flowers of love and beauty from those honey-bees of thought;
Rich ambrosial food of science; draughts of pure philosophy—
Soul-reviving fruits, still growing on Life's ever-blooming tree.

When the fields of life are barren, and the gelid world is drear;
And the spirit's plumes, emotions, shiver with indocile fear:
When it knows the winter's rigor after Love's sun is withdrawn;
And has felt the cheerless solitude where pleasure's flowers are gone;
When to its own habitation sad the homesick soul returns,

Let it find the heart a furnace, where Love's fuel ever
burns:
Finds its dwelling swept and garnished, stocked with
fruits of every clime,
Gathered winter stores of learning from the granaries
of time;
Cells of memory filled with honey from the blossoms
of sweet hours;
Bright-hued birds of recollection, singing yet in fancy's
bowers:
Then, though fairest scenes may wither, and bright
earthly prospects fail,
Or through childhood's ruined bowers rush the fierce
remorseful gale,
Still the soul sits in its palace, decked with thought's
untarnished gems;
Joyous rules its mental subjects, crowned with Beauty's
anadems.

THE UNATTAINED.

Hope grows and wanes, and love endures not ever,
But fades and fails like glowing day;
The flowers that bloom along life's winding river
Wither and pass away:

And time sweeps onward, a dread tempest, blowing
All the bright leaves and blosoms down,
That in life's grove in hope's sweet spring were growing;
Youth thought the years to crown.

I once had aspirations after brighter
And purer joys, unblent with fears;
And hopes that day would e'er be growing lighter
As onward rolled the years.

And there were longings for a love supernal,
A helm to guide this mortal bark,
A light whose radiance should be eternal,
Cheering each prospect dark.

Ambition ruled my being once, sustaining
The drooping soul like Angel wings;
And Beauty from her urn bright drops was raining
Upon all earthly things.

But darker shadows round me now are falling;
Those gems I sought are yet unfound:
From the dim future shapes of fear are calling,
Who wait to hem me round.

Fainter I hear the steps of hopes receding;
And whisperings of a sterner fate;
And for those joys for which gay youth was pleading
A dread voice wails—"too late."

Yet those past glories, to me unreturning,
Are tarrying in a better land;
And, bright as stars that spangle night, are burning
Upon an unseen strand.

A voice celestial in my spirit dwelling,
An echo from a world serene,
With tones like Seraph's lay my soul is telling
Of a never-fading scene.

That all my wishes in a clime are growing,
Fanned by heaven's sweet, ambrosial breath,
Where streams pellucid through rich meads are flowing,
Beyond thy gate, O Death!

Each joy and glory that from earth is passing
Flies far o'er time's unquiet sea;
In a fair land the soul is wealth amassing
For blest eternity.

That voice is ever the sweet truth repeating,
That time is but a twilight dim,
And with its pleasures life itself is fleeting
Where rolls joy's perfect hymn.

MANHOOD'S PÆAN.

WHERE are ye fled, bright hopes,
That stood on youth's sweet shore?
Say why joy's crimson portal ope's
To the land of dreams no more!
Gone is the pure delight
Of childhood glad and gay;
No more may youth, in sorrow's night,
Sing its exultant lay;
Time's shadow dims the joyous light
Of that fair day.

But farther down time's tide,
A holier radiance see!
Hear faith's clear trump, when storms divide,
Ring out o'er life's rough sea!
Purer than joys of youth;
Brighter than childhood's dreams,
Shines through each night the star of truth,
With never-fading beams;
In all life's fields bloom flowers of ruth,
By pleasure streams.

Awake! and hail the morn
That rises fair to greet
The eye of faith, nor sit forlorn,
Wrapped in fear's winding-sheet!
Fair destinies await
With spread wings,—mount, O soul!
And soar, at least to honor's gate,
Perhaps to fame's high goal,
Where thou may'st view the waves of fate
Beneath thee roll.

Though life's tree in its spring
Bear blossoms of delight,
The autumn, with its frosts, will bring
Rich fruits for winter's night.
Across a billowy sea
The port lies to be gained;
The haven of tranquility
By toil may be attained;
Hope's crystal spring, though low it be,
Can ne'er be drained.

Breezes of happiness
Will waft the bark of right;
A power will guide, bright lands will bless
The voyager's glad sight.

And when death's dart shall speed
The soul to other clime,
The path of truth will upward lead
To some more radiant prime;
The love-plumed spirit never need
Fear death nor time.

TO A FRIEND.

DEAR friend, excuse a dash of rhyme!
For through my brain the numbers chime
So merrily, that to their time
My thoughts would dance,
And after prance
My pen with willing speed,
Recording friendship's meed,
And sparkling thoughts that flash like lightning's glance.

O, memory! of days gone by
The record sweet or sad; mine eye
Runs o'er thy page, and there I spy
Specks of delight,
Like stars in night;
That, like a brimming draught
From joy's own beaker quaffed,
Cheer my fond heart like strains of melody.

Friend of my youth and schoolboy days!
How gladly would I sing in praise
Of thee and them,—and in my lays
The flashing eye
And purpose high,—
The joys and hopes of youth,—
Seasons of mirth and truth,
Should be recalled, and force from thee a sigh;—

A sigh like that which rends my breast
In seasons of the soul's unrest,
When a saddening thought is its dark guest,—
That youth must fail,
And time's rude gale
From the sere heart blow down
Its fancy leaves and crown
Of sweet love-blossoms, when dread change prevails.

But life is short if youth be so:
Spring's smiles e'er follow winter's snow;
And, through the clouds of doubt or woe,
A pure light gleams
On earth's dark streams,—
A radiance from some clime
That knows not change or time,
Lighting our way as sleep is cheered by dreams.

There is a summit to be gained;
There is a love to be attained;
A mark to hit;—the bow is strained;
Let the shaft fly!
The target's high;
The bolt is sped by youth,
Hope wings it on, and truth
Will guide; 'twill reach its goal, its destiny.

A RIVER BOATING SCENE.

Arrows of golden light,
From the sun's quiver,—
Piercing the ether bright,
Glance on the river.

Darts of a richer light,
Fair eyes are beaming,
Sparkles of keen delight
Through our souls gleaming.

Row o'er the smiling tide,
Gaily and gladly!
Joy-winged the moments glide,
Sweetly or madly.

Skies smile at joyous skies,
O'er and 'neath the river.
Woke from rich tones and eyes,
Soul-echoes shiver.

Sky-bounded waters beam,
A verdure-fringed island.
Through Day's night-portal's gleam
Glimpses of Joyland.

O'er hearts and waters dance
Bright foam-bells of pleasure.
Above and below advance
Stars in the azure.

EARLY LOVE POEMS.

EARLY LOVE POEMS.

I.

Memory hath honey and a sting. When Day
Had sunk, all blushes, in the arms of Night,
We met beneath thy sister stars, whose light,
Mingled with love's, fell round us—ocean spray
From heaven's bright rocks 'gainst which the sunbeams dashed.
Pure beams of glory quivered through our souls,
And fancies, bright as joy, on Love's stream flashed;
While swift the eve to tingling music rolls.
The night-birds sang of love:
The evening's breath bore sweet perfume,
From realms where love-flowers ever bloom
By crystal streams above,
And echoed Angel-whispers through the grove.

All Nature's harmonies blent in one strain
That seemed a Seraph's hymn of pure delight.
Old Time had backward turned, with rapid flight,
And primal Eden reigned on earth again:

As though some power to us on earth had sent
A part of our eternity of bliss;
Or brighter worlds that hour their influence lent
That we might know how sweet is happiness.
From each heart-fount rich streams
Of deep and joyous feeling flowed,
And mingling, o'er the life-flood glowed
A rainbow of love's beams.
I know not what we said—those hours are dreams.

We met again while bloomed the summer flowers,
And Nature's scenes and melodies were gay:
While rolled a hymn of light from joyous Day,
Like golden bars of music fell the hours.
We read our page in Fate's mysterious book,
And saw life gemmed with blessings bright as hope—
If 'twas the future wherein we did look;
Perhaps it was but a kaleidoscope.
But present bliss was sure;
And this, we thought, was but the dawn
Of love, that ne'er should be withdrawn,
But grow more sweet and pure,
And through unending ages should endure.

But Summer died, and mournful Autumn came;
Joy fled with flowers, and sorrow touched each heart;

The sentence, hard as death, came—we must part;
And showers of tears quenched hope's increasing flame.
Yet might we not the pain of parting know,
Nor spend in converse one more happy hour;
Cold as on Earth's bare bosom falls the snow,
This dread truth came with stupefying power.
I could not say, farewell!
Nor ask thee to forgive a wrong,
Whose memory in my heart lay long;
And from my lips there fell
Words coined from Hell's red heart, cursing Fate's spell.

In visions of the night, where rapture erst
Winged my thick-coming thoughts with fancies bright,
Now hovered o'er me Sorrow's gloomy sprite;
As if on me Heaven's gathered wrath had burst:
Full oft I died and lived, in fear and hope,
And sent prayers bathed in tears of grief above;
But heaven's gates seemed closed too long to ope
To one who long had known no god but Love.
Yet soon, dispelling fears,
A light that on my youth had beamed
Now o'er my stormy pathway gleamed—
The faith of childhood's years;
Hope sang of love renewed in happier spheres

Bleak Winter now, with voices drear and cold
As some sere bosom's unabating woe,
Wails dead Earth's requiem, in her shroud of snow.
Yet, as the tale by Memory o'er is told
To my chilled heart, although its sorrow lives,
Hope, in the light of faith, blooms now again,
And to my dreams a softer coloring gives;
And Passion's harp breathes forth a purer strain
Still Nature's smile to me
Brings joy; and round me spreads a scene
Of wildness, clothed in grandeur's sheen,
Whilst I indite to thee
These transcripts from the tome of Memory.

II.

O lift thy soul-lit eyes from this cold world,
And fix them on the heavens where God dwells!
What though there's beauty in earth's plains and dells?
The fairest forms on blooming earth unfurled,
Will fade and wither, like hopes fixed on them.
Look up! and drink the starlight beaming pure
With love, and pierce the bright blue aye secure.
Thou'lt catch a ray from heaven—a diadem
That on thy soul will sit like a benizon.
And could'st thou dream, and make thy dreams belief,
Of an eternity of love, where grief
And passion to the soul may never come,—
Then send a prayer—*thou* wilt be heard—to Heaven,
That unto us that life of love be given!

III.

There was a time I thought to make
A holy love my guiding star;
When my unclouded spirit beamed
With hopes as bright as Morning's car:
In youth's fond dreams
I hailed the beams
Of Love's sun, glimmering from afar.

I met thee, and in thy pure heart
I thought my hopes and faith might dwell,
With as firm trust as in the power
That o'er my childhood breathed its spell;
And hopes of fame
Linked with thy name,
I loved the chain, I fear too well.

It passed—I scarce know how or why;
And from my mind I strove to blot
All thoughts and memories of thee;
And deemed at last thou wert forgot:
In the cold world,
By passion hurled,
I pleasure sought—but found it not.

That unrelenting pride which once,
By thee aroused, subdued love's flame,
Still in my bosom fiercely burns,
A tenderer passion cannot tame:
Too late, I fear,
The unwished tear
Starts when I breathe thy once-loved name.

I weep to think what might have been;
How sweetly, through the coming years,
That unfound radiance would have beamed,
Dispelling all my earthly fears;
Then let time roll,
For my blest soul
One refuge true always appears.

The love, the faith I gave to thee
Have ne'er returned my heart to bless;
If thou canst give them back undimmed,
With thine own pure, 'twere happiness:
A single heart;
Love without art;
I ask no more, and give no less.

Thy smile, thy tones awake again
The dormant thoughts and dreams of old,

If thou art all I fondly deem,
Again for thee shall be unrolled
My hopes and fears,
And through the years
To come a love as pure as gold.

IV.

'Tis mid-winter, Eulalie!
Gone from every field and tree
  Summer's bloom, and birds that sang—
Sweetly sang for you and me.

Like the frost-work on the pane
Are the fancies in my brain;
  Although fairy-like yet frozen,
Until love thaw them again.

Still above me beams the blue,
And the pure stars meet my view;
  Let the look of love I send them
Be reflected back to you.

For the thought I cannot speak
In those eyes of heaven seek;
  They will tell it you with power
To which words of mine were weak.

Life looks bright still, Eulalie!
Beauty yet has charms for me;
And around my heart still lingers
The sweet light of poesy.

V.

Withered are all those tender passion-flowers?
  Could that enrapturing love-light fade,
That, as we lingered in delight's sweet bowers,
  To us from realms of beauty strayed,
And dyed the rainbow-colored hours
    That round us laughing played?

We vowed, ere last we parted, that although
  We ne'er again for love might meet,
Yet in accord our separate lives should flow;
  Our hearts in sympathy should beat;
And o'er us friendship's beams should glow,
    Less bright than love's though sweet.

I am content;—'tis best we so should part;
  Our love was like a summer flower,
Too bright, too frail to last when cold winds start,
  And shiver through life's autumn-bower;
But friendship's influence cheers the heart
    With never-failing power.

Yet memory will unveil that golden time,
Whose record cannot be effaced,
When we together dwelt, in that fair clime
Of love, with sweetest fancies graced;
And joy's page seemed a lay sublime,
By Angel fingers traced.

Adieu to love then, till we meet where love
Will glow as pure as star-beams shine;
And homeward send your earnest prayers, like doves,
That your blest future may be mine;
And by the streams of bliss we'll rove,
And know a love divine.

VI.

Thy charms in liquid beauty dyed,
  O teach me how to sing!
For beam celestial, that with thee reside,
  My soul are now illumining;
And down a stream of poesy I glide,
That flows 'mong flowers from Love's pellucid spring.

And I would light the glowing lamp
  Of star-bright poesy,
At thy bright eyes, where Heaven has set the stamp
  Of loveliness and purity;
And, like the sun, no mists of earth can damp
Their light divine, fed by God's love in thee.

As from the earth the vapors thin
  Morn's shining beams displace;
So from each heart the shadow of a sin
  Is chased by Seraph Virtue's face:
What thought not heaven-born could dwell within
The soul where thy sweet image holds a place?

I gaze upon the starry spheres,
  And hear their pæans ring:
O could I, through eternity's long years,
  With thee, in bliss, forever wing
My way celestial, without griefs or fears,
Among those regal orbs, where blest choirs sing!

VII.

Dear Stella, I am sad;—the world is drear
  Where you are not; yet words seem mockery
  To tell the sorrows that suffuse mine eye,
Whose language is the mute and bitter tear,
Which yet is eloquent in grief. Oh sere
  And dead are now the flowers of joy's bright spring,
Which yet, though withered, a sad pleasure bring—
Mementoes of the blooming, singing year.
Must Love's sweet rose be watered by sad tears
  To make it bloom more fair? Must Absence chill,
  Like winter with cold frosts, the happy rill
Of talk and laughter which the summer cheers?
  Love ope'd the gate of feeling,—through it now
  Too cruel Absence causes tears to flow.

VIII.

This is the Sabbath, and I've been to hear
  The sermon, chant, confessional, and prayer,
  That seem to raise one into purer air,
Where he can hear the Angels sing, and near
The voice of God speak pardon to his soul,
  And comfort such as parents give their own;
  Making new blossoms spring for those, which blown—
When o'er the earth Grief's autumn-tempests roll—
From Life's sad tree, now wither damp with tears.
  The sun has beamed sabbatically bright,
Yet still the Earth was cold as loveless years;
  As though too deeply sunk in sin's drear night
For comfort;—yet the loving voice it hears
  That cheers the soul, and tells of spring's delight.

IX.

* * * * * *

Many the starry hours we've stole
From Morpheus and given to Love:
Till Time bowled earth from the realm of shades,
And morning gilded plain and grove,
Suffused in rapture sat, while night
About us like a veil was drawn;
Saw in each others' eyes the light
Of love, and wished no other dawn.
Life's current, dyed with rapture, rushed,
While years of hoarded pleasure gushed
On us from Joy's supplying fount;
And months of time did heart-beats count.

* * * * * *

But I must sever now the chain
That binds my heart to thine;—in vain
The dews of sadness in my eyes,
And shades of loneliness arise.
Though I could not withstand the power
Of Love, I triumph from this hour,

And enter once again the gate
Of duty, to tread the path of fate.
But for thee I have wishes, earnest as those
For the signature of Christ to close
My life's sin-stained, ill-written page.
Rich foretaste of a golden age!
I hold those hours I've passed with thee
Bound with the clasp of memory.
The fragrance of that bliss shall cheer
The joyless hours of many a year:
This thornless rose of love shall bloom
Although on buried pleasure's tomb.

A tide of life and glory rolls
To earth from spring's re-opened gate;
Each home-returning songster trolls
Love-ditties to his new-found mate;
I sing to her I leave, with soul,
Though sad, yet still with hope elate.
O Youth and Passion, Life and Fate!
Will Love take wings with ardent Youth?
Does arid Passion dry up truth?
Has Life untasted sweets for me?
Read my next page, O Destiny!

AMORON.

AMORON.

Was die innere Stimme ſpricht,
Das täuſcht die hoffende Seele nicht.
[SCHILLER.

I.

SPIRIT of Poesy, celestial power!
Who dwellest in the Empyrean high;
E'en from God's star-gemmed throne dost emanate
And, coëxistent with the Deity,
Pervadest all,—thee I invoke! aid thou
My song whose theme shall be of thee and thine.
Breathe in my ear thy dulcet harmonies!
Thy voice is joyous music, and it hailed,
From choral spheres, creation's golden dawn;
And I would catch one strain, although my lyre
But feebly echo thy entrancing tones
And mingle in the lay more notes of earth.
O let me drink of thy undying fount
Whence he, thy child, such inspiration quaffed,
Who told us how old gods and heroes talked,

In strains more sweet than Amphion's melodies!
Or he who pierced thy fane and drew aside
The veil that hides thy deepest mysteries;
Whom Æolus—for envy of his songs
That shamed his own soul-lulling harmonies—
Drowned in a fit of wrath and jealousy.

Let thy full beams illume Hesperia,
And gild the temples built by Liberty!
And while our eagle's scream, in daring flight,
Makes forests fall, and mighty cities rise,
Let softer songsters call the tender flowers,
To clothe in beauty all our Country dear,
And touch with love the hearts of these new kings.
For me, I only ask thy aid to tell
A simple tale, of one poor Poet-youth
Who conquered his own soul—a conquest rich,
And mightier far than Alexander knew,
Or any hero of the olden time;
I wish thy light to shine along the page,
And animate its poorly-fashioned form.

A youth there was whose thirsty spirit drank
Deep draughts of beauty and of joy, yet still
He longed, for in his cup of mortal life
Was mingled too much bitter with the sweet;

And he had tasted joys Elysian,
Till earthly pleasures palled upon his soul.
His was a mind that sought within itself,
And in the realm Imagination rules,
The bliss it longed for, and had sometimes found.
His soul was moved by tenderest influences,
And tuned in unison with holiest strains.
Each breeze of light that strayed from Beauty's clime,
Woke dreaming thought-buds into full-blown flowers.
He heard in dreams Joy's clearest strains that struck
Responsive chords, which echoed in his breast.
The golden glories of the shining day,
The silver radiance of the shadowy night,
Alike he loved, but not with equal power;
For night is calmer, purer, and it crowned
His soul with higher thoughts and deeper love.
He talked with spectres of the buried years,
And rambled with transcendent minds 'mong flowers
Of fancy, and in vermeil bowers of thought.
With Nature he communed, and she baptized
His soul in Beauty's lucid fount her own.
With men his heart had little sympathy,
For none were like him; and to minds like his
No joys has selfish, cold companionship,
Where love is not, and interest deceives.
He sympathized with Nature and with truth;
With love, and childhood's happy innocence;

But most he loved sweet Nature's varied forms;
For he had not attained that wider soul
That stays on God, and reaches man a hand;
That loves the good, but shields against the bad
Unmoved on truth amid the storms of life.
With verdant fields, and singing birds, and flowers
With murmuring brooks, and sighing winds, and s
And all the beauteous scenes of day or night,
His spirit felt an answering harmony;
For they to him spoke love, and peace, and joy.
Nor less he loved the storm's terrific wrath:
When the fierce thunders crashed along the hills,
His spirit leapt with lightning-flashes thick,
Darting from crag to crag. The thunders spoke,
With echoing roar, his passions' frenzy, which
He could not tell: the lightnings glanced his thou
Then would he stand amid the falling rain,
That soothed him with its plaintive melody,
Yet saddened with a sadness that is sweet,
While round him groaned the trembling forest-tree
Fearing the storm's rude voice, and flashing eyes,
And mighty breath that waved their emerald hair.
Books, too, he loved, but mostly those that hold
The nectared quintescence of Poet's souls,
That, like bright flower-bells, catch the dews of hea
Here did he find his dearest sights and dreams

Grouped by those master hands, and fabrics reared
To Poesie, and polished by fair Art,
Reflecting Beauty's sovereign radiance,
And hung with garlands of celestial flowers;
Such temples are the poems of true Bards.
Awe-struck, he worshipped in those gorgeous fanes
The blooming Goddess who is there enshrined;
And drank the starry music floating round
His soul responding strains antiphonal.
'Tis only thus true Poets can be reared,
Growing as flowers grow, and forest-trees.
Let musing youth in freedom rove the fields,
And feel the seasons' varied influence,
And nursing Dreams that harmonize the soul
With shapes and prospects of their native spheres.
Let the mind grow, unbent and unconfined,
In cheering sunshine or refreshing storm;
Nor prune too much, for fear its shape you mar,
That, in its nature, straight aspires toward heaven.
'Twas thus the Bard of Avon—mighty one!
Attained such stature, toying with his kind,
And feeding after ages with his thought:
Thus Scotia's darling son, whose rills of song
Delight us with their tinkling joyousness;
And many more who sway our deepest hearts.

Our Poet's mind, inspired by Beauty's charms,
Now sought to paint his longings in her hues,
And drain itself in streams of melody.
His daring Fancy caught the tints of earth,
And bound them in a rainbow, o'er whose arch
His hopes might glide to heaven. He fed on dreams,
For he had felt bright Poesie's sweet kiss,
And he on whom the Goddess once has smiled
Will ne'er desert her, whom to leave were death
To all the tenderest blossoms of his heart.
When her first touch through all his being thrilled
He longed to fold her in his twining arms,
Enjoying all her charms delirious,
And talk with her as a familiar friend.
He pined for her beneath the loving stars:
But she is coy, nor to be won by sighs,
Nor plaints to Nature or the silly moon;
But Toil must call her spirit down, and Love
Must bind her with his glittering chain; then she
Will be submissive to his will who thus
Can win her, bringing him her fairest fruits.
But life had now for him more joyous dyes,
For he had found a language for his dreams;
Could tell the flights and longings of his soul,
And deify plain things with imagery.

Now Love came with her sister Poesie,—
For they divide the empire of a heart.
His first, sweet love was like a day-dream fair;
Though passionate, yet pure as lunar glow,—
A zephyr quivering his young heart-leaves.
The maiden whom he loved was like the song,
Sweet, clear, and joyous, of the bobolińk:
With azure eyes, Elysian violets,
Whose look was thrilling as a starry thought;
A vernal face which smiles with dimples gemmed.
He loved her fondly, with a Poet's soul,—
A young love fluttering with its untried wings.
He wandered with her through the summer fields,
That seemed to them as fair as Eden's plains:
Day's golden furnace burned with purest fire.
His fancy clothed her in its own bright hues,
And decked her with the Muses' new-found gems:
That made her seem to him a Spirit fair,
Sent, like a Hebe, with a cup of joy.
But this clear-flowing love was soon obscured:
The Boy-god had not yet revealed his heaven;
But with a ray illumed the Poet's heart,
That it might grow in that exultant lore,
And sometime learn to strike a master lyre.
First love is sweet, and pure as streamlet's source:
'Tis like the birds' first flutter from the nest—
To that which more matured experience gives—

Compared with eagle flights that seek the sun.
And this soon passed, as birdling's song expires
Who tires of singing in his first attempts.
Then up the hill of science did he climb,
To feed his soul on learning's luscious fruits;
Yet striving still to reach his tree of life,
Where glows the golden fruit of poesy
The blossoms soon had withered, and he feared
He could not reach the tree to taste its fruit,
Or that the frosts of earth had blasted them.

One day he stood upon a mountain's height,
Communing with his soul and Sprites of air;
And in his speculum of dreams he saw
The future's changing shapes of loveliness;
But sombre clouds, kept drifting o'er his view,
And what they held, he did not know, but feared.
Now gazing deep into the ambient blue,
As though some Sprite Angelic were revealed,
He said, in tones of love and reverence:—

O thou whose shafts of glory pierce my soul,
Unveil more fully that celestial brow,
Crowned with thy glittering aureola!
Too long, sweet Poesie!
I've been estranged from thee;

Chasing sometimes the meteor sparks
Of fancy, or the ghosts
Of pleasure through both light and gloom.
Repentant unto thee I now return.
Spirit of beauty, love and bliss!
O drown my soul in thy rich melody,
As sunlight whelms the spheres!
Oft have I drank large draughts from thy pure fount,
And through my frame, and in my spirit's depths,
Have felt thy solar glow
Suffuse my being with love's ecstacy.
In noonday dreams thou hast revealed to me
The primal Paradise restored, where Love
Clothed each heart in a gorgeous robe of bliss,
And Beauty shed her radiance o'er the world.
In silent visions of the night hast thou,
For me, lifted the veil that hides the real,
And shown me glories that I yet shall taste.
Through the surrounding gloom of things there gleams
A holy light, whose rays pierce every heart,
Like shafts of love from God's own bright-hued bow.
In all things fair and holy dost thou dwell,
Making keen harmony of Nature's sounds,
Or sights, and all emotions of the mind;
And through the halls of thought, when Beauty charms,
Dance mazy Fancies to thy stirring notes.

The crimson glow that paints the sky, when Morn,
With golden breath, extinguishes the stars;
Or when Day's parting smile illumes the West,
Is thine, as is the soft, enchanting light
Of moon and stars that fills the ravished soul,
Like love's elixir from thy fountain quaffed.
Thine, too, the joy that heaves the throbbing breast
When, piercing the deep blue, the spirit sees
New realms of bliss revealed, and hears sweet chants
From happy bands, thy choirs, through ether ring.
Thy votary, beneath the arch of night,
And musing lonely upon thee and thine,
Feels thee descend, and fill thy palace dome—
An omnipresent spirit; while the tones
Of babbling brooks, the night bird's cries, and low,
Sad voices of the winds, seem Cherub hymns,
And mingle with the music of the stars.
Or when Sublimity, on black clouds throned,
Speaks with his awful voice, and glances wrath,
He feels thee in thy majesty of might,—
Still beauteous in thy night of anger wild.
Thou sparklest o'er the rippling stream of youth,
Painting its fancy-bubbles with thy hues.
Thou art the clasp of friendship's stable band.
Thy gladness, which is love, dwells in the hearts
Of two fond beings, when their souls unite,—
As two free streamlets mingle into one,—

To flow in linked communion to the wide
Unfathomed ocean of eternity,
Where all blest souls, commingled in one flood,
Sport in thy magic tide of crystal joy.
In sorrow's lonely vale
Thy soothing bell is heard,
That tolls a requiem for departed joys,
For where'er sadness lives thou lingerest,
Like night's lone bird when darkness reigns.
Through memory's gate that ope's upon the past,
Thy forms advance to greet the soul,
More dear than love's fond records, for with the
No disappointment dwells.
E'en now, I feel the mists of time
Fall cold upon my heart,
And chill its ecstacies:
Yet, through the shades of coming years,
I see thy light increase,
Until a day shall dawn,
On all who live for thee,
When thou, and Love, and Beauty only reign,
The trinal guard before the gate of bliss.
Art thou an emanation from some power,
Whose radiance or whose minister thou art?
I only know that I am thine,
And thee adore as source of all my bliss;
For thy eternal splendor is the sun

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Whose light dyes every joy and flower of thought.
No fear blends with my worship; thou art love,
And terrible in majesty alone.
With thy great favorites I shall yet commune,
Beyond Death's portal in thine own bright realms:
And on my soul is budding the sweet hope,
That all shall be renewed by thy blest power;
Speak with thy tones and live in harmony,
As perfect and unchanging as the orbs
Unceasing circles through the realms of space.

Within a dell, beside a purling brook
That tinkled by the mountain's base, reclined,
He listened to the waters' bubbling flow,
And surging winds among the forest pines.
He thought the valley Nature's palace grand,
Roofed by the boundless sky, leaf tapestried;
Where through green aisles æolian anthems swelled,
And birds and brooks their gladsome ditties trilled.
Above him towered the rugged crags and cliffs,
He loved to climb, where beetling Grandeur dwelt,
And frowned upon the shadowy dells below;
And Wildness, like a frightened fay, abode.
Not solitary he, for there are sylphs
Who wait on Nature where she walks retired,
That on his soul who loves and follows her,
Shower blessings from her store of glittering gems.

Now, while the tyrant Sun was darting down
Upon the panting World a fiery shower;
And giant Trees were warding off the blows,
Our Poet's soul flowed forth in melody,
To which the silent birds lent listening ears:

Beauty, sovereign of delight
Sparkling from the eyes of Night;
Robe of love,
Woven above!
Earth without thee were delightless;
Thou dost give e'en heaven its brightness;
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thy eternal spring,
His loveliness and glory dost thou bring.

As the night-distillèd dew
Thirsty flowers will renew,
So thy light
Cheers the sight.
Thou art fragrance of love's flowers,
Blooming in Elysian bowers;
Voice of Cherub choirs,
Ringing Seraph lyres,
And man's deep spirit that to heaven aspires.

Like an Angel's starry eyes,
Glancing from unclouded skies,
Thine thrill me:
Let me be
Thy unchided servant ever;
I will leave thy service never;
I were happy still,
Though stern Fate should kill
All joys but from thy stream to drink my fill.

Let me die, if Death's dark pall
Veils thy realm, where thou, with all
Thou dost bless,
Shadowless
Dwellest: let the monster take me
To thy fane, though tremblings shake me
When I see his power
Stamped on face or flower;
He cannot enter thy delightful bower.

Why with sorrow mix thy cup
For the sons of earth to sup?
Why alloy
Every joy?
Brightest, everything when dying;
Dearest, joys we know are flying;

Fairer Autumn's dyes
Than the Summer skies;
Most lovely when in tears are woman's eyes.

Bleeding hearts sing sweetest songs,
Noblest deeds are roused by wrongs:
Every Sprite
Of delight
Veils her form from mortal spying;
Vain our tears, and vain our sighing;
Every Poet knows
Not untainted flows
Thy stream through earth's polluting marsh of woes.

Yet thy notes are heard above,
Sweet as Angel songs of love;
Earth resounds
Those pure sounds
Through her vales, from sin's dark mountains,
Blent with murmurs from grief's fountains:
Bated strains we hear
From thy trumpet clear,
On earthly breezes borne to mortal ear.

He ceased; and those winged spirits of the bowers,
Who soar, and catch from blissful choirs above
Snatches of melody, faint heard afar,

To echo them to us, their gleeful strains
Awakened, blending with the breeze-struck lyre,
And murmuring brooks; and this their answering song:—

The Poet's spirit is an isle
In glory's sea, removed from earth;
His lays are like a Seraph's smile:
The stars with anthems hail his birth.
His soul is fed on blissful dreams,
As flowers drink the dews and light;
The sun of beauty o'er it gleams,
And in it dwells each lovely sprite.
Love-zephyrs loosed from heaven sweep
His tuneful heart-strings, while they sound
Æolian strains that wake from sleep
Rich echoes in all souls around.
His mind reflects, both full and clear,
The radiance that is glory's sheen;—
Pervading all, enthroned where'er
Joy, purity, or love is seen.
His spirit drinks deep draughts of bliss
From beauty's tide; then overflows
In streams of song on which the kiss
Of love's unshaded splendor glows.

Beyond the empyreal bourn he soars,
And gathers, in Heaven's flowery dells,
His burdens of ambrosial stores
To place in poesy's sweet cells.
He gives to men the soul of love,
Enrobed in beauty's starry light;
He culls the fairest fruits above
To cheer the heart in sorrow's night.
Like golden-freighted argosies
His lays glide o'er the sea of time;
They blend with Cherub harmonies,
And pæans of the spheres sublime.

O Poet! though not always may
Thy lyre be swept by breezes mild,
'Twill wake a purer, grander lay
When echoing grief or frenzy wild.
Thy heart-strings are of different tones;
Thy strains will more melodious sound,
If joy be blent with sorrow's moans,
And all the chords of life resound.
Although the mists of earth may cloud
Thy spirit, radiant as the morn,
The sun of love no night can shroud,
Nor will it leave thy soul forlorn.
The Angel strains men hear in dreams,
Which thou dost echo in thy lays,
Have power to cheer thee when the beams

Of hope sad disappointment grays.
And thou, hard World! do not deny
The Poet his reward of praise,
For binding flowers of earth and sky,
And crowning thee with fairest bays:
He asks for love and sympathy,
His high prerogative, from thee.

Roving or dreaming in the sylvan dells,
Hope fed the flame of thought that ardent burned,
And soaring strove to reach the infinite.
He saw not—hated by a heart like his—
Men's selfish strivings after wealth and power;
But like a peaceful lake serenely lay
His soul, by Beauty's noontide sun illumed,
And gently stirred by zephyrs Love-unchained.
But now the herald winds proclaim a storm;
Those gentle sighs of Heaven that precede
Her tears for Earth, parched with remorseful fire.
Those cooling breezes kiss the Poet's brow,
And soothe his spirit as they were the breaths
Of Cherubs who had fed on heavenly flowers.
Now, from behind their mountain battlements,
Approach, like sorrows in youth's summer sky,
The black cloud-chariots of the stormy host:
Their trumps proclaim the elemental war
They soon will wage for empire in their realm.
Now climbing on a crag the Poet stands,

And views the warfare of the powers of air,
His bosom dashed by billows of delight.
But when the veil of darkness fell on earth,
And night and storm were mingled, in a grand
And awful combination, thus he spoke,
Addressing genii of the elements:—

How grand your realms, leagued Night and Storm!
A terror shouts in every peal;
As though the King of storms
Were angry with the trembling World,
While the sweet Heavens, full of grief,
Weep showers of sympathy.
O for a soul to answer mine;
A voice like Gabriel's trump to tell
The Godlike raptures of my heart!
Would I might soar, and meet
My fancy's creatures face to face,
And hear the songs of heaven.
I feel the presence of a God
Most forcibly in storms:
I hear his voice in thunder peals;
In lightning flashes see his glance

Tell me, ye spirits of the storm!
Is there a glorious sphere,
Where I may know a language meet
For all my richer, grander thoughts,

That find no fit expression here,
But vanish from the mind
Unspoken, unrevealed?
My spirit longs for sympathies
Earth cannot give, and language for my thoughts
That is denied me here.
We cannot tell our high desires;
Scarce hold communion with ourselves.
There is in beauty's eye
A longing that no words can tell,
That struggles faintly to express
What dreams but half reveal.
The glow on youth's smooth cheek
Records the bounding life within.
In childhood's eye there dwells a gleam,
Unshadowed yet by earth,
That speaks the raptures of the skies.
With our base, earthly being blends
A ray of light divine,
We wish illumined all,
That strives for utterance, but can find
No tongue, but earthly echoes mock
Its blissful eloquence;
Yet stars repeat its tale
With shimmering harmony.
Love is the flower
That's nourished by this radiance,

And he that loves
Feels what the Angels say.

O radiance divine!
Source of all light, and love, and life!
Why do thy splendors fail
Thou glorious sun of poesy?
And say! for oft' I've wept to learn—
Why must the hearts of those round whom
Thy golden love-light sparkles like
A zone of suns, be chilled
By disappointment's frosts?
Why are they e'er compelled at last
To weep the death of love
On which their hearts are fed?
What jealous Spirit holds the urn
Whence flow the tides of bliss?
Why not let that pure current stream
Unmingled, unrestrained?

Thou wilt not leave me comfortless,
Beauty, great Queen of joy!
Enlarge my soul to feel thy power;
And let the gentle dew of love
Refresh each bud of thought,
That when thy dawn breaks it may ope,
Fit flower to grace thy garden fair!

Not solitary would I tread
The varied path of life;
My soul is like a harp,
With diapason incomplete,
And needs a sympathizing tone;
A tone not always like its own,
But varying the strain,
And sounding still in harmony.
O grant me, Queen of destiny,
At least the boon of love!

And thus he hears a silvery voice reply,
In calm, sweet tones, as 'twere the falling rain:—

So much of day, so much of night
The earth knows through the flying year;
So much of sorrow and delight
To thee the winds of fate will waft.
Drink first the cup of hope or fear;
Quaff first thy bliss or pain,
The other you must drain;
Or mix, and drink the mingled draught.
Thy spirit's rays too brightly shine,
And darker seems earth's clearest day;
But quench not thou that flame divine;
It beams on other souls,
Illumining their shadier way:

And upward still its brightness rolls,
And when it meets the downward-flowing beams,
That tide shall cleanse it purer than thy dreams.

Let thy heart-flower its odor lend
To every breeze that Love shall send;
The heavens will renew
Its vigor with their dew,
In life's dim night, or passion's shade,
Give only; it is thine to give,—
The highest joy, like His who made
All worlds and all that in them live.
Thank Him who rules that all
Is mutable but his unerring laws:
Change from the sea of love new treasures draws.
Time flies on noiseless wing,
And scatters days and years;
Change reaps the harvest that his autumns bring;
Restores thy joys and cheeks thy tears.
The seasons at his call advance:
The steeds of Spring, the zephyrs, prance
Along the barren fields;
To Spring the Winter yields:
She gives to Earth a bridal sheen,
And brings him Beauty for his queen.
Then Summer rules the hours,
Who bind her brow with flowers.

From her too passionate embrace
Her panting favorite flees,
Till night shall veil the day,
To some sweet, shade-defended place,
Where 'mong the locks of sheltering trees,
Soft-fingered zephyrs play.
Next, plains and groves in beauteous dyes,
The Autumn robes, for sacrifice;
Then sends the cruel breeze
That strips the sighing trees.
And lastly, Winter robes the Earth,
Now dead and cold, in snowy shroud,
And tolls her boreal requiem loud;
But warms for man the cheerful hearth.

Nor less the heart his influence feels;
If selfishness its tide congeals,
He bids love's sun arise
And thaw it from his skies:
But if that sun too fiercely burns,
Its light away he turns.
If too luxurious, he sends
Satiety to make enjoyment brief.
If in the stream of life base pleasure blends,
He brings a purifying grief.
At last, by Change shall time's dark veil be riven,
And streams of glory drown the world from heaven

Our Poet saw, in time's surrounding dome,
The stars of fame that beam with glory's rays;
Saw and admired, and worshipped greater lights.
He longed to tread himself the glittering path;
To win a place in glory's shining fane,
A crown with praises gemmed, and robe of love.
Yet wished he not to hear his name pealed out
By brazen fame to every vulgar breeze,
Or know his dearest thoughts in sordid minds
Mingled with base desires and grovelling aims:
Though 'tis the Poet's calling high to smooth
The rugged nature, mingle with the gross
The pure elixir that to him is given.
He wished to rise to his own native sphere,
And know the converse of congenial souls;
To earn companionship with kings of thought,
Both here, and in the regions of delight.
But timid doubtings, and proud modesty
Kept back his fonder soul from others' gaze.
He felt it sacrilege to lift the veil
That hid his inner mind from common view.
But he sought dreams and skyey essences
For sympathy with his most rapturous thoughts;
Sprites of the stars, and storms, and whispering winds;
And fairies breathing odor from the flowers.
These were not fanciful existences,
For in the forms of nature dwells a soul,—

From Him who made them, his reflection dim,—
That speaks to him whose heart is pure as they.

Nor less his spirit felt more evil powers.
Truth's heavenly radiance, piercing every breast,
Is lessened by tenebral influences
From realms where truth and glory do not dwell
His mind was like a cloud, and drifted on
Where changing winds of impulse wafted it.
Within his soul's serenest depths he felt
The love of right and purity enshrined,
Whence rose, like incense, earnest hopes and prayers,
Seeking a Deity immaculate.
But pleasure's phantoms came, in beauty dressed,
And wearing jewels stolen from Love's crown,
And he pursued them through deep glooms of vice.
His heart, like thunder-clouds, was passion-charged,
And he would taste forbidden joys, although
He knew in truth each was a curse disguised.
He thought that passion's flame should have some vent,
Or 'twould consume the joys of ardent youth;
Then wished to drain his cup of life at one
Deep draught; to take all his allotted share
Of bliss,—then pass away to nothingness,
Or to a realm of unalloyed delight.
He worshipped only Beauty, Love, and Bliss,
The Poet's Trinity; too feeble yet

His soul to soar to their unfailing Source.
He thought it hard that unrelenting Law,
With precepts like sharp spears, should guard each pass
Whence he might wander from a dreary road,
And pluck fair-seeming fruits in pleasure's field.
Yet in his soul a warning voice he heard,
That seemed an echo of an Angel hymn,
And which he feebly uttered in this guise;—

The light from God, the sun
Of all the moving universe,
Is love, and love is bliss;
But man's soul is a prism
Refracting different colored rays,
That are the several joys of life,
From warm, red youth to violet age.
Most brilliant are the hues,
And warmest, near the stream of light.
Now youthful passion's crimson ray
Is forming spectrums on thy mind.
Keep thy prismatic spirit pure,
Or dimmed will be thy joys,

Not only shadows dwell
Within the land of dreams;

It borders on a love-lit clime,
Suburban to the realm of truth.
And fancies, too, are sparks
From truth's undying fire.
Thy hopes are but the light of joys
That shine unclouded in their home,
Their radiance reaching farthest space.
Those pure empyreal beams,
Transmitted through earth's atmospheres
Are darkened ere they reach thy soul.
Too far art thou from glory's source,
Where truth's pure river flows;
'Tis tainted ere it reaches thee;
But its unmingled flood
Can cleanse the soul from every stain.
Soar up, with fearless flight,
And halfway meet celestial messengers;
Purer the light the nearer heaven;
Feebler the power of darkness grows
The farther from the realm of shades.

Fear not the storms of life,
Nor tremble at the lowering clouds of doubt:
Though now they veil thy sun of hope,
Yet soon its brightness will beam forth again.
Rove, like the bee, from flower to flower

Of joy and love in youth,
And sip their nectared sweets,
Storing them up in memory,
For food when life's drear winter comes;
Quaff the pure wine from Pleasure's cup,
But leave the dregs—they are satiety.
Waste not youth's choice perfume
On every pleasure breeze.
Be thou the scathing lightning's flash,
And burst from clouds of sloth,
Riving some giant wrong that cumbers earth.
Attempt not things too high
For mortal ken, lest the too fervent sun
Thou eyest blind thee with its dazzling beam.
Here, through the body's prison bars,
The senses, little light can come
Untainted by the mists of earth.
One moment of the life
To which grim Death conducts,
Will more reveal than all the years
Of toiling thought that mortals know.

II.

Thus far alone with dreams lived Amoron,
Avoiding all the race of active men;
Their selfish hearts repulsive to his own,
That trusted all, and was by all deceived:
Too noble he whom Truth and Love had taught;
Too hard the World that loves itself alone.
But now his spirit longed for fellowship;
He felt his solitary raptures fade
When frosts of passion nipped their tender leaves.
Only the purest heart can cheer itself;
Itself its food, that tainted is a bane.
He thought to make himself like other men,
Evil as they to sympathize with them,
But found them nobler than he first had deemed;
Their selfish manners oft a specious mist.

Now Amoron had found a Poet friend,
Yet all unlike himself; for Anthon loved
The goddess Pleasure more than Poesie,
And used the ladder genius but to reach
His sensuous desires. Unyielding spite
'Gainst every one who barred his pleasure path,

Yet with an ardent soul and generous love
For all his fellows, of whate'er degree,
Who crossed him not; yet even those, perhaps,
He sometimes liked the more, because they gave
Desired occasion for belligerence,
When passion sparks inflamed his tinder hear
His anger, too, was lightning; soon as spent
The rain of pity and forgiveness fell.
But he loved poesy, and that alone
Made good companionship between the two;
For he who loves the Muses and his kind
Finds friendship in the groves of song most sweet.
His hearty mirth and wit pleased Amoron,—
His knowledge of the flowery paths that lead
From dull abstraction, and the wastes of hope
To fair mirages of ideal joy.
They talked, and read, and wrote on kindred themes;
And often grieved the Night with revelry,
Or passed through scenes avoided by the pure,
For pleasure, and to learn the ways of men.
Souls sent for human guides may be allowed
Perhaps sometimes to near the gulf of vice,
For their own good and others' benefit;
That they may learn to warn from dangerous paths
Those who are apt to miss the way of truth.

Our friends, one floral day in middle spring,
Walked in a wonted path that crossed a brook,
And ended in a grove; where they would sit
Together or alone, and read or talk.
Said Anthon, seated on a mossy rock:—

Many the ways men toil
To reach the fane renown.
We seek the halls of Poesie,
Yet even there are other sounds
Than those of rapture heard.
Yea, ev'n of those who gain her inner court,
How few, whose melodies we hear,
Sing of content and happiness!
How many wail of disappointed hopes,
With fears of darker days!
What gain we, then, to reach the goal?
Can dust, the prey of grave-worms, feel
A moment's rapture, though
The winds that roam above it bear
The name it bore on earth,
Mingled with shouts of praise!
Fame's meteor, fleeting as twilight,
Leaves the soul darker than before.
Men gaze, and more admire

A vaporous comet, than a star,
Constant and pure as innocence.
We are but cloudlets light
In life's surrounding sky,
The sport of winds of circumstance;
E'en hope's a rainbow, soon dispelled
By stern reality's broad sun.
Those sunbeam structures Fancy builds,
Where future joys may dwell,
Time, with relentless foot, treads into dust.

The other answered him:—
Yet would I be a messenger
To bear the joys that dwell
In Poesie's love-lighted realm
To less illumined souls;
The rod down which the lightning comes,
Though noxious atmospheres
Of earth corrode my heart.
I wish no empire but the sway
Of mental eminence.
'Twere sweet to know my mind
Fed other souls with love and joy;
That I, a sun, supplied
Those lesser orbs with light and warmth.
This is my hope, for this I toil;
But ah! too short is life!

Occasions fleets like sunny hours;—
Fond youth will fly on time's swift wing,
And bear away exultant hopes,
The flush of love, and pleasure's ecstacies:
Age steals the gems from Fancy's crown.
The thoughts, the hopes, the joys
That throng the vernal fields of life,
And fill its heavens with melody,
Vanish when autumn comes.
Yet life's calm night is cheered by stars,
Less glowing than the light of youth,
But peaceful, and more pure.
Each day has its delights; hope's sun
Paints rainbows in each storm of grief.
The soul may be immersed in gloom,
Like water-lilies in the wave at night,
The dawn will come to call it forth.
I would pour out my soul in tears,
So on those falling drops
The sun of poesy might shine,
And make bright rainbows in the earth.

Said Anthon, taking up the others' book:—
Yet never cast your richest pearls
Before the swinish herd.
Expose your tender heart,

They tear it for their sport.
Here is the legacy of one
Who sent his spirit forth—
As you would do—to bless the earth.
Like Noah's dove it went,
But in that waste of selfishness,
It found no resting-place of love,
And died, chilled through with gelid scorn.
Such vaticide the world has known,
Though Pity now bedews the victim's grave.
Still sneerers curse the earth,
And Poets suffer now, as then,
To be admired and wept for in their tombs.
How many souls reflect
With love your dearest thoughts?
And many, too, who read such lays
Esteem those more who imitate
The strains of sovereign bards,
As dogs howl when a trumpet brays.
Poets must veil their thoughts,
As Moses did his countenance
Descending from the mount of God,
Before base, coward man,
Whose spirit quails before the light
Of truth revealed in purity.
"Be true to nature," Critics say:
The swine is true to nature in the mire,

So is the singing bird,
The eagle soaring in the sun,
And harping Angels with their hymns of love
Are true to nature in their sphere;
And thus I tell the clods,
"There is a nature higher than your own,
To which I will be true, but not to yours."

His friend replied:—
It is the soul that keenly feels
Earth's chilling atmospheres
That love and beauty most delight.
The ear that hears the voice of truth
Most finely, discord jars the more.
God's radiance is poesy,
Which he perceives with clearer eye;
And happier is he
In that pure light, the foam of bliss.
But never in his day
Is his full value known;
Always an age before the world,
As conscience leads in righteousness.

Many the themes old Time has harped
Upon this sounding sphere.
The prelude of Elysian bliss
Was followed by a strain of woe,
That echo yet prolongs.

Then war, with its demoniac train
Of horrors following
His prancing steed, like fell remorse
Dogging the heels of crime.
Then glowing eloquence,
And deep philosophy;
Poesy with its source
In Eden's blissful land,
A stream of light that flows through all,
Increasing to the glorious end.
Extremes approach, and time,
Like all the spheres, a circle runs.
The end shall be, like the beginning, blest,
But vaster, as the sea
Is larger than the river's head.
By Poesie's clear light I see
The coming age of love.
I hear the footfalls of approaching joys,
And blessings heaven-born.
And yet, for me that bliss is here;—
'Tis but to live in love and hope,
To taste celestial joys
And Beauty's feast already spread.

The other said:—

But why those disappointed wails
For vanished love and happiness

That come from every Poet's heart?
They get more hate than love,
For envy follows fame.
My heart's a fire that needs
Adventure's fuel for its flame;
And sometimes I would rather lead
A conquering army through the world,
Than sing the grandest lays.
There's glory in the shock
Of adverse hosts in deadly strife.
Cold Power is sublime, though proud;
And blood will purify the world
Far sooner than the tide of song.
Pretension rules with vanity;
And men, with hate and slanders foul,
Poison each others' souls;
And stupid wretches with their wealth
Are more esteemed than you,
With fire to cleanse the world from wrong.
For this I scorn mankind,
But do not deign to hate.
This pent-up spirit gathers force,
And when its bounds are burst,
Its tide no obstacles can check.

Yet memory oft wanders back
To childhood's days, and brings to me

Sweet blossoms dewed with innocence;
And then I dream of purer ways,
Of peace and holy truth;
But passion, and the wrongs of men
Waft me at will o'er fortune's deep.
What light is to the flower,
Excitement is to me.

Said Amoron, with earnestness:—
We only need to know
What path through time and through eternity,
Has most of happiness in all its course,
And care not if its opening way
Be strewn with flowers or thorns.
I do believe that suffering
Preludes the highest joy,
As frosts of autumn ripen fruits.
We must earn happiness,
Enduring wrong, and hoping, loving still.
The troubles of to-day
Are jewels for to-morrow's crown;
And he who adds his soul
To swell the tide of right,
Will be rewarded when the stream
Flows clear in blissful purity.
Beauty produces truth,
As blossoms bring the fruit:

Love's portal opens on the courts of joy;
And he whose soul unlocks
That diamond-studded, golden gate,
Should give his spirit's radiance
To lighten more the gloom of earth.
Love given is not lost;
That atmosphere of happiness,
He helps to form who gives his store,
Cheers and sustains him in the hours
When his own sun is dim.
Nor only here does he obtain
The guerdon of his truth.
Each spirit passing to the realm
Where all must meet and dwell,
Bears with him what he has received;
And when he who imparts returns
To his own native clime,
He will receive the love and praise
Perhaps denied him here.
All will be Poets there, for poesy
Is but the language of delight.

Such talks they often held, although I said
They sometimes sauntered in forbidden walks.
They never more than sipped the sparkling foam
On sin's dark goblet, fearing to drink deep.

Too often Genius leads the soul astray,
For joy's full brightness, which those minds reflect
Who paint the heart and nature in its hues,
Evanishes and leaves the world more dark;
And then they court the light of pleasure stars
That beam with rays from beauty's sunken sun.
Condemn him not who is not as you are;
He may have virtues that you never knew,
Though errors which your righteous soul abhors.
He who soars nearest to the sun of truth
Must fall the farther when his strength is gone;
You never leave the ground, or, if you do,
'Tis with a cautious flight, returning soon.
Why should we basely envy those who soar,
And taunt, instead of pitying, when they fall?
If large the portal that admits the truth,
More error enters by the same broad way.

One evening, in a well-known gay resort,
The Poets met, and somewhat cheered by wine,
That prompts a man to bare his dearest heart—
Blunting exposure's else too cutting edge—
Said Anthon to his friend, confidingly:—

I've found the only way
To earthly happiness.

'Tis love—not such whereof you prate,
That gilds your hoped Millenniums,
But human, earthly—and yet heavenly;
And such alone is pure on earth;
Self stands between your heart and man;
But when you wish to mix
Your half-filled cup of life
With what some other holds that's like your own,
Your love to be pure must be selfish too.

The other said:—
Why, then, you are in love!
One pair of eyes you think,
Beam all the joy earth knows;
One bosom holds, for you,
The raptures of eternity:
And you will swear that 'tis her smile
That makes the flowers bloom;
And were she gone the world would be
A darker chaos than of old.

Anthon replied:
Yes, I have loved, and so fulfilled the law.
I love a rosy maid,
Fair as the summer, and almost as warm.
Where wanting in herself
Her dowery fills the gap.

Yet is she sweet enough to scent
False roses in her hair.
Her father one who loves both gold and power,
And spends the means he gains
From others with less mind and tact,
(Who also cheat more stupid knaves),
To buy the votes of freedom's sons,
Who, free, are free to sell their country's good.
He will not let his daughter wed,
If he can help it, one like me,
Who has no fortuné but his soul.
But I will win his girl,
As he would gain the passage of a bill
To swell his money-bags;
And less unjust than he,
For he but seeks his gain,
I love his daughter and her fortune too.

And he did win her, for his silver tongue
Convinced the statesman that he wished to give
His little aid to help him gain a place
He then was seeking at the people's hands.
So him he aided with both tongue and pen;
With cunning plots, and specious eloquence.
His way within the father's heart thus made,
He soon obtained admittance to his house,
And won the girl, with sunny words, to meet

Him in the garden, where, with dancing star
Above them, sparkling like their happy souls;
By plants that rustled like their whispered talk;
By flowers the dews kissed as these lovers kissed,
They passed, and rolling wheels bore swiftly on,
To where the priest, with power from God and man,
Clasped firm love's silken chord that bound their lives.
Of course the sire was angry, but forgave,
As wise old fathers always do who know
That Hymen's bonds were ne'er untied by wrath.

Amoron met his comrade once again,
In his new compound seeming strange to him—
Perhaps the more man for his added half—
And Anthon told his chosen future course:—

Henceforth I leave the lilied meads
Of poesy, where only flowers are found,
But no substantial fruits.
You Poet-birds may sing who choose;
Some will applaud, and some throw stones.
For me I take the staff of politics,
And walk to fame and power,
Giving and taking blows upon my way.
Yet shall I battle solely for the right.

I use the sword of eloquence,
Made from the same fine steel
As poesy, though polished less.
I care not, if I but may win
One victory against the powers
Of fraud and treachery so rife,
How slander's arrows fall around;
They cannot pierce the truth-girt soul.

Amoron answered, partly to his friend,
And partly to himself, as he passed on:—

It matters not what path
We take through time to death,
If truth illumes our way.
And yet my soul longs ardently
To labor in the cause of love,
And dares not grieve away
The spirit that I feel is sent
To lead me to my destiny.
The Power that made us, leads
Where 'tis his will that we should walk.
Like him who built the ark of God,
Bezaleel, we are called;
Endowed with wisdom for our work,
And sent to level wrong, and make on earth
Foundation for the new Jerusalem.

Our lives are rivers, great and small:
When swelled by passion floods,
The stream of life o'erflows its banks,
Destruction follows and the meads of peace,
And gardens green of love;
When it again subsides
Some of life's waters still are left
In stagnant pools of dark remorse,
Dried up by truth's fierce sun.
But if, when swollen, 'tis restrained
By reason's barriers in its course,
Its current sweeps along
Resistless to the main.
The short-lived years, in solemn line,
Towards eternity march on,
Led by their captain, Time;
At every tap of Death's drum flies
A moment from the earth,—
A link is severed of the chain
That keeps the world from heaven.

Of revel weary, and of friend forlorn,
Our Amoron now pined again for love,—
A soul to echo his with sympathy.
For this he ever longed, but ne'er had found,
Too few according with his higher strains.

His heart was like a flower, and ope'd whene'er
Love's sun shone on it, that was oft obscured;
Yet ever sang he in his loneliness
For one to love with all his passion's power;
And every face that pleased his ardent soul,
He loved, and thought its owner all he wished.
His fancy made whate'er his heart desired
From forms but surface-painted with the tints
Of beauty; oft, when known, found void within.

One day, when Summer kind had dressed the Earth
In regal robes, and spread a feast of joy;
And her sweet messengers were warbling forth
Their invitations unto man to come
And heal his spirit with her gentle balm,
Our Poet walked with Beauty in the fields,
And through the shaded lanes, soul-veiled with dreams.
Happy was he, who needed nought for bliss—
When better motives ruled his changing heart—
But Nature round him, with her joyous smile,
With whom he sympathized in all her moods,
As doth an infant with its mother's soul.
When skies were veiled in gloom, and ether sad
With moisture, blended tears of Heaven and Earth,
His heart felt grief's depressing touch, and oft
He wept alone for sorrows fancy-born.

But when Day smiled in lucid joyousness,
His loveful spirit sang with warbling choirs:
Then poesy his o'ercharged soul outwelled,
That glowed like sunlight, in its gorgeous sheen.
Yet not undimmed such joy, as light is not,
That tells of purer scenes, its native clime;
And flowers blooming fair repeat the tale
That makes the soul long for a bliss unknown;
And while rejoicing in the light, 'tis sad
For chains that keep it from unshadowed bliss.
He wandered on till near Day's hour of rest,
When through its trees a modest farm-house peered,
Whispering that sweet contentment dwelt within,
And joys unknown to busier scenes of life.
So he approached to where the farmer sat,
Resting beneath his own tree-shaded porch;
An old man whom Time treated as a friend,
As he were leading him to better lands,
And led him gently by his easiest way.
Marshalled about the house an orchard stood,
A wealth of growing fruit among the boughs;
Green fields of grass and grain were seen beyond;
The bees hummed round their magazines of sweets;
While near his master dreamed a canine friend.
Kind greetings passed between the well-known pair,—
Remarks about the weather and the crops,

And comments on the last new spasm of Earth.
Said Amoron, with ardent heart and mien:—

Methinks true pleasure only dwells
In these sweet, rural scenes,
Where Nature, God's vicegerent, reigns!
The sunlight smiles upon your fields,
Which, grateful, smile again and thrive.
The night comes on, and while you rest from toil,
Imprints on them her dewy kiss,
And in her genial breath they grow.
The showers fall, and you may rest again,
While dimpling in the winds,
The grain-fields laugh in sympathy with you.
Here no satiety can dwell.
The seasons bring their varied joys.
The toil by which you live
Makes you enjoy the comforts that it brings.
Your creatures and yourself are mutual friends;
And, if you love such fine research,
You can make friends of plants and flowers,
And ask each how it lives,
What feeds it, and what most it loves,
And note how each departs awhile,—
For no bright flower or plant e'er dies,
But casts off what is gross,
And rests its germ in earth,

While its sweet spirit vanishes,
Returning when the seasons change,—
As man's soul shall return when Time is dead.

The farmer said:—
'Tis true that life like this
Suggests content and piety
More than where restless man more dwells.
Yet scenes do little for our happiness,
And ills are found in every walk;
But each thinks his own state the worst.
The humble farmer's pride
Would struggle up to splendid seats
Of power or pleasure in the town.
Those tired of urban pleasures sigh
For field and forest joys;
Such are not happy here or there,
For only from the pristine fount of bliss
Can unmixed happiness be quaffed.

Said Amoron:—
But only in harmonious scenes
Can one e'en his allotted share
Of earthly pleasure know.
For childhood rural life is best,
With Nature round and growing in his soul.

More active scenes suit restless youth.
Give me the crowded town
For firmer manhood's battle-field:
Where there is more of human life,—
More food for pleasure and ambition too;
Where I may better feel the pulse of man,
And learn perhaps to do him good,
And consummate my own aspiring ends.
When that is done let me return,
And end my life, where it began,
'Mid scenes of rural holiness,
With love and honor crowning my grey head.
But dreams of quiet are not now for me.

The Poet paused awhile, and then, with tones
As though the fiery words he spoke were hurled
In torture from a breast they burned, he said:—

What cares the world for Love
If gauds deck not her form?
The diamond shine of wealth
Obscures the rays of truth.
Yet could I laugh to see men strive,
But pity makes me weep,
And indignation curse
For victims of their selfishness;

How each one cheats his fellow—proper war!
And how they toil and crowd
To reach the glittering fane of wealth
How many gain it in their tottering age,
And scarcely seat themselves
To rest their feeble limbs,
When Death cuts short their lives,
And laughs to see their misery.
Then, at their pyramids of gold
Their heirs begin to waste,
Where they began to build,
At bottom; soon they fall,
Oft crushing them beneath.

The old man said:—
Why should you curse those who have cursed themselves?
If you have love which they have not,
Then you are happier, for love is joy;
And mercy is the root of earthly good.
If Love is slain Peace dies with her,
And rancor feeds upon the corpse.

The Poet said:—
But knew you ne'er ambition's stirring aims?

A wish to fight with sword or pen,
And win the power to make
Your fellows feel your height?
Some office in the State,
Or wealth to which the world bows down?
Or, better, did you never feel
The flush of poesy
Thrill through your veins with keen delight?

His old friend answered him:—
I ne'er cared much for wealth or power,
Although in youth such dreams
May sometimes have disturbed my soul.
But I was never made
For high designs as some may be.
I learned in early years, the only way
To live in earnest is to live for heaven,
And here care only for our daily needs.
In youth I much loved books,
And read the works of many Bards
Which sometimes pleased my fancy then.
And in those rosal days
When scarlet passion tinges life,
I read the lays of one
Who, great in genius, lacked the very germ
Of greatness,—power to govern self.
I was enchanted by his serpent mind,

And fathomed all his gloomy soul,
A gulf from which no mind comes pure.
His bitter spirit tainted mine
With evil years scarce cleansed.
Such works as his are like the book
The Revelator eat;
Sweet to the taste, but on the spirit gall.
But now I only love the lays
Of sacred Minstrels Heaven-inspired;
The dulcet harpings of the warrior King;
The glorious epic of the Man of Uz;
Isaiah's thunderous prophecies:
But most I love the book
Of him beloved of Christ,
Who tells us of the end of things;
Of that Jerusalem where Saints shall rest.
The holy fire, earth cannot dim,
That flashes from these works revised in heaven,
Illumes my soul with sacred joy.
The Seraphs' lays above
Would shame the grandest epics of the world.

Then spoke the youth:—
That heaven you are near, but I
Have yet to labor for my crown.
My Destiny, from where she sits
Far up the hill of truth,

Shouts to my soul to hasten on.
The height is steep that I must scale;
The way obstructed much.
But I shall win the goal,
For Heaven so designs.
Many, in generations gone,
Have labored on that steep declivity;
And where they ended I begin,
With every working soul.
Where we leave off shall others start,
And labor on the King's highway;
Until the summit of the mount is gained,
Where heaven's full splendor bursts upon the view:
Then up the easy path earth's crowds may go,
And sun themselves in glory shadowless.

The good old farmer said:—
The work is great, begun by Christ himself;
And 'tis his spirit glimmering in your soul
That lightens up your way,
And makes you see your duty on its height.
But think you not that half your wish
To gain the place you seek
Is, that you thence may look
In pride upon the gaping crowds below?
Fear the sweet voice that whispers to your soul
That you are great or good!

Too many, on the steep of fame or right,
Turn, when they hear the shouts of those beneath,
And losing their high aim,
No further can advance.
Look not behind;—the light but one way shines
That leads you to your goal; if you turn back,
A clamor from the world
Will drown the voice that calls you on,—
A glare will blind your eyes,
And draw you back, or you will dazzled stand,
Your destiny unreached.

Among their talk a gush of music came,
That rippled through the open windows near:
Melodious chords that skilful fingers touched,
To which a luscious voice this ditty sang:—

Love with roses binds the brow,
But the roses soon are faded:
Love when day is bright will vow,
But the daylight soon is shaded;
And when Love withdraws his dart,
Bleeds the lonely, stricken heart.

Yet the sun of love is bright,
Though eclipse too soon must follow:
Lovers' vows need ne'er affright,
Though we know that they are hollow:

No less dear the plant or flower
Though it dies within an hour.

Pluck the flower while yet 'tis fair,
And enjoy the sun and summer;
Never mind the thorn of care;
Welcome every pleasing comer.
Let sad days come when they will;
Hope for love and pleasure still.

Moved by the melody said Amoron:—
First born of glory, joy of heaven!
Music, the Angels' service and delight;
Which God himself doth love!
Borne up by thee, the spirit soars,
And, in a purer atmosphere,
One feels himself so base
Tears only can relieve the heart.

Voice of delight!
I feel the fluttering of the wings
Of immortality when I hear thee;
And long to cast the chains of earth,
And soar to thy sweet home.
A little more of thy keen rapture poured
Into the trembling soul
When thou dost come with power,

And one would die of longing, and of joy,
And grief for his own nothingness.
Yet Beauty moves the soul like Harmony,
For they are sisters, born of Bliss and Love;
And when he saw the singer-maid he loved
Her, or her beauty, which he thought the same.
Two azure eyes, decoys to other charms;
Lips that seemed blossoms wet with Cupid's dew;
A glowing form, and merry careless air,—
'Twas these he loved, he knew not yet her soul.
They were not strangers, and he knew to win
A maiden's heart, for love enkindles love.
Soon walked they in the bowers of Tenderness,
Tasted her sweets, and drank her perfumed gales;
And when the jealous Day was gone, and Night,
The friend of love, drew her soft veil around,
They raptured in caressings long and sweet;
The vast air palpitating with the songs
Of stars, with heart-beats, tones, and sighs of love;
Till Cynthia, tired of watching, sank to rest.
Yet this was but a summer love, and soon
Our hero wearied of his fancy toy.
The maiden was not what his spirit craved,
Though beautiful as noonday dream; there was
An inner recess of the heart unfilled,—
He scarce knew what it needed, but he knew
Her soul, less ample, did not fill his own.

He left her when the summer quit the fields,
With heart as sere as falling leaves, and sad
For consciousness of all his misspent hours.
Think not the lady died, or wept her loss
With heart all vacant for its stolen sweets;
No, such as she ne'er lose their flesh or sleep
For lovers gone, for they know more will come.

Now darker wishes filled his mind again,
Born of the fears that he should never reach
His lofty aims, by strivings of the soul,
That, ever moving, seemed not to advance.
Then did he seek companions in despair,
And with them looked on scenes of wretchedness,
Approaching to the edge of sin's black gulf.
But soon his spirit drew him back appalled:
His purer nature could not brook such sights,
Although he longed to drink of that dark stream,
He thought might quench his passions' maddening thirst;
Yet in his childhood he was taught too much
Of good to long endure the form of vice.
So he turned back toward better hopes again,
And strove to find the source of early joys.
Ne'er doubted he from whence the glory came,
Whose presence cheered, whose absence was despair;
For he owned poesy the smile of God,

But dared not yet approach the source of good.
One day he sorrowed to the autumn winds:—

Where are those hopeful dreams
That cheered me when the beams
Of present bliss were dimmed by pain,
And told me that I yet should gain
A favored station, and should know
My cup of longing overflow?
I hear a whisper dread,
From ghosts of prospects dead,
That tells me that my heart has erred,
And grieved the Queen of Love, who heard
My prayers, and would have given,
My hopes, but doubt has riven
The chord that bound my soul to heaven.
The vista opening on my youth,
Grew brighter, with the light of truth
Increased that shone along its course;
Now life is darkened by remorse.

Oh, say not so, thou voice like hell's deep groan!
I erred in loving Love too well,
Believing Beauty robed her form alone,
And not the shapes of darkness fell.
Ah! why does Loveliness
Lend her celestial dress

To clothe despair and death.
Why does the Autumn's breath
Evoke more beauteous hues
Than Summer with her dews?
Why do thy beams corruption gild,
O love! fair dawn of truth, who filled
My youthful soul with melody,
And hung with blossoms its fair tree?
I seized thy cup and quaft
The beauty-foaming draught,
And with it dregs of death I drank
From earth's dark stream of sorrows rank.

Now something says, I cannot know
The whole of Love's unclouded glow
My spirit might have gained
Had it more pure remained.
Yet will I seek to turn away
The grief whose darkness shades my day;
For o'er this barren soul still bloom
Fair hopes, like flowers above a tomb.

III.

Whate'er is purest is of Sadness born;
E'en blooming Love is child of Joy and Woe,
And Passion parent of both Smiles and Tears.
This truth our Poet knew, for in his soul
Was sorrow shrined, with starry sweetness joined.
His impulses like Nature's breezes came,
With perfume laden from the fields of joy,
Or noxious vapours from the moors of grief.
He echoed back the soul of Day or Night,
Joying with Light, or weeping with the Rain.
In twilight's pensive hour, night's thrilling calm
He felt such raptures as the Angels know.
For others' sorrows he compassion felt,
The noblest human joy—both sad and sweet;
For grief assumed becomes a crown of bliss.
Fond, laughing Childhood's glee, like pleasure woke
Within his breast that harbored all delights.
He drank the light of beauty-flashing eyes,
That filled his soul with silver melodies;
And light from Love's fount tinged his glowing thoughts,
As stars receive their glory from the sun.

Yet were there moods of sorrow and despair,
When only Nature's choicest scenes could cheer.

He sat one night with silent Solitude,
While round him thronged ethereal ecstacies,
By radiant Imagination called—
A heaven born companion, pointing out
Beauties the eye unaided could not see.
The round moon seemed an Angel's chariot wheel,
Rolling o'er heaven's cerulean highway;
Bland Hesperus and sister worlds rained down
Day's light in their alembics purified.
The stars, with voices distant, clear, and sweet,
Their lays sang, mingling with the brooklet's song,
And tones of murmuring woods; and this the hymn
Whose liquid pæan filled his soul like love:—

When God's creating first woke
The Worlds from their chaotic dream;
While new-born Light of glory spoke,
And Spheres sang jubilant;
Love—love was the enraptured theme
Of that seraphic chant
Which we to Him who gave us birth outpoured,
When circling through our dwelling unexplored.

Pure sparks of undimmed love are we,
Emitted from the holy flame
Within the breast of Deity:
And we will evermore
The love of our great King proclaim,
Whom all the Worlds adore,
With all the Cherubim and Seraphim
That round his flaming throne their raptures hymn.

All Suns that deck the universe,
And with their choirs of Worlds unite,
Their notes, Archangel-taught, rehearse,
And raise to Him their songs;
For GOD IS LOVE! and GOD IS LIGHT!
To whom all power belongs.
The ransomed hosts that walk the heavenly plains
Shall sing eternally in love's sweet strains.

The colored stars of earth, the flowers,
Drink love-light from the streams of day;
And scent with joy the golden hours;
And teach the birds the mirth
They warble forth in idyls gay.
Man—proud man walks the earth,
The love-light of the sun and stars above;
Beneath his feet the flowers' light of love.

Charmed by the singing stars was Amoron,
The soothing stillness of the shadowy eve;
And thus he sang to Night in loving tones:—

Queen of the realms of loveliness!
In thy star-spangled azure dress,
With heaven's argent badge, the spherèd moon,
Upon thy breast! would I might gain the boon
To wield such influence as thine
O'er man's cold heart, with power divine.

O would my thoughts were like the balm
Of thy sweet spheres; pure, rapturous, calm;
Kindling in every breast a holy flame
That should consume some grosser thought and aim;
Making sweet purity its guest,
And lulling passion's storm to rest.

Too base is man to taste thy charms:
'Tis meet his soul in Sleep's soft arms
Should lie, when thou dost all thy form unveil;
When Ocean murmurs low, scarce breathes the Gale,
And all the singing birds are dumb;
Unheard the world's disturbing hum.

My fancies with the moon's light fade;
And like the drowsy stars shine dim;
While Sleep upon my soul has laid
His hand, and I must follow him
Now Toil and Misery rest
On Slumber's gentle breast,
While kindly dreams, from fairy climes,
Their senses soothe, like music's chimes.

Within their sepulchres dead ages rest
Till Time's last note shall thrill with life each breast;
And o'er their spectred tombs
The rose of blessing blooms,
To scent the following years, or weeds
And thorns of more unrighteous deeds.
O read me, Queen of night and sleep!
My fortune's record, thou dost keep.

When Sleep had bound him with her mystic tie,
His freed soul winged its way to silver climes,
And revelled in transcendent bliss afar.
Asleep, as when awake, his thoughts flowed on
To melody, and thus his spirit dreamed:—

The sounds of rustling breeze,
Of gentle stream, and whippoorwill's shrill note,

Blend in one soft, low strain
Of soul-enchanting harmony;
While Sleep—entrancing sleep,
Over my sense becalmed,
Ripples like zephyrs o'er the sea;
And shadowy beings fill my brain.
Ha! bright-robed dreams,
Ethereal essences,
Away, and bear me to your silent land!
Like sun-cast golden darts
We pierce the shining blue;
Each starry tongue in heaven's azure bell
Rings forth a peal of light.
By singing spheres,
And hymning constellations lies our way.
We've passed fair Hesperus,
And all the stellar fleets,
And enter now a glorious fane.
An amethystine orb
Surrounds us, ringed by flaming suns,
And streaked with rainbow hues:
A central fountain of pure jasper shoots
A pearly shower aloft;
While near, upon a throne
Of shining opal, sits
The Prince of dreams, dark Morpheus:
About him throngs a bright-winged host;

A runnel tinkles at his feet.
His voice with winds and waters tuned thus speaks;
"What soul of mortal enters now
The shadowy land of dreams?"
"'Tis one who longs for sympathy
With joys above his mortal state."
Then speaks again that shade obscure;
"This is the land of dreams,
Whence all bright hopes and longings come;
These Shapes will show what you desire."
Now one advances from the throng,
Arrayed in star-beams, like a dream of love.

"Say Sprite immortal! canst thou lift
The veil that hides my doom?"
She waves her beckoning hand
That flashes light around
Like forked lightnings in the sky,
But speaks not, and I follow, led by love,
A chain with rainbow links.
Swift down a lucid stream,
Whose element is moonlight, now we glide:
By winds ambrosial
Our swelling sails are filled:
The banks are lined with groves umbrageous;
And golden-plumaged birds

Troll liquid ditties round our joyous way,
But lo! a thundering cataract,
And rising through the mist a dreadful shape;
Her countenance, as stern
As doom of death, I know.
"Oh, save me from Remorse!
Do darker thoughts and deeds dwell here,
Where I thought only shapes
Of beauty were allowed?"
She clasps me in her death-cold arms,
And down, infinitely, we fall;
I hear the roar of seething flames
In hell, while demon shrieks
Ring palsying through my ear.
But now a lovely form appears,
And leads me up to fairer scenes
And purer air than e'er I knew before.
Her kindly smile wakes memories,
As though in some far clime
My spirit sometime hers had known,
And we had parted, seeking still
To find each other since,
And sorrowing for our loss.
"O leave me not, for only thou
Canst lead me from the gulf of death!"

But now I sit beside a river, calm
As sleep of innocence,
Except a gentle breeze
Is wooing its sweet face to rippling smiles,
As soft dreams glide o'er slumbering souls;
Tall trees around wave sheltering arms.
I weave in Fancy's woof
The lovely forms or faces I have seen;
The smiles of beauty or of love;
The Poets' lays that I have read,
And stories of heroic deeds.
My soul the garment wears
As kings their robes of state.
My crown of thought is decked
With glistening gems of imagery:
My menials the flowers,
The leafy trees, the birdling choirs,
And zephyrs sighing low,
With fairy shapes I call from fields of air.
This is my happy youth returned
To bless the soul that mourned its loss.

Again I sit in that same hallowed spot
Which memory has blessed from childhood's days,
But now no longer young,
Yet happy as in youth,

And watching for a better dawn
Whose glimmering grays my locks.
Beside me sits that cherished one
Who drew me from despair;
She, too, changed like myself,
But lovelier in the Angels' sight and mine.
The chisellings of age
Are characters, which we can read,
That tell her heavenly destiny.
"But can I know no more?
I know that I shall die in peace,
With something that I wished attained;
But where the intervening years?
What do they bring to me?"
Those dreams are gone; the darkness comes,
And with it brings oblivion.

Still did the solemn autumn rule the earth,
A sad yet lovely season; like a maid
Slow dying with a calm and hopeful soul.
In those delightful days he loved to sit
And view the colored leaves, that, like man's hopes,
Are brightest near their fall. The mournful joy
Those days brought roused him to a better life.
'Twas then he sought to conquer worldly pride,
And looking on himself and truth he said:—

Too long I've struggled up the road
Of life, by Pride and Pleasure led;
Let Duty guide me now
That I may win the goal of peace.
'Tis said the serpent slain
Dies not until the sun is set;
So peace will never come
Till selfish pride is gone.
'Tis hard to crush those fair desires
Whose fragrance cheered my early years,
Yet well I knew true happiness
Can never bloom till they are dead,
Or till my heart consents
To yield whatever Duty asks.
Now come what will I'll labor on,
Asking no more than Fate is pleased to grant;
For self-denial is the seed
Whence springs the plant of peace,
Which trials water till it blooms in joy.

Fierce is the struggle when a noble will,
That long has slumbered in the shade of ease,
Rouses itself with vigor to expel
The tyrants that are lording o'er its realm.
So Amoron now found that he too long
Had idled while his spirit ran to waste.
Through all the winter still he labored on,

But found it hard to turn his heart's strong tide,
That too much force had gained, so long unchecked.
His soul through doubt's dim mazes wandering went,
Like a lost traveller in desert wilds,
Backwards and forwards groping in the gloom.

The spring again renewed his heart with hopes,
And resolutions roused for new attempts
To clime the path of truth, to where the fane
Of joy sits throned upon the hill of peace.
Yet had he longings for a kindly hand
To clasp his own, and lead him up the steep;
A breast whereon to lay his weary head.
Soon did he find the one he long had sought;
And knew when first he saw that it was she.
Such sympathy may be between two souls—
Which yet are one—that, although far apart,
And never meeting in their mortal garb,
They hold communion—how, the Angels know;
But if they meet, on earth or in the skies,
They know and greet each other with delight.
Our Poet saw in this fair lady's eyes
The spirit of his dream and early dreams,—
The only soul he felt could bless his own.
She was not like the fancy-orioles
That flitted 'mong the branches of his heart,
But had a sweeter and a purer note.

Her loveliness was like the sunlight warm;
The rose of love, deep-rooted in her heart,
Bloomed in fair blushes on her glowing cheeks;
Her eyes seemed echoes of the smiles of Heaven.

At first he felt his soul so far beneath
Her own, he only dared approach to catch
The droppings of her lips, to learn of good,
And warm his chilled heart in her sunny smile.
But soon his love gained strength, and better now
From her sweet influence, he hoped to make
Her feel at least a glow of friendly warmth.
Nor was that hard, for she was kind to all,—
Her heart a fount of love whence all might drink,
And fed by springs perennial from the skies.
Yet few returned the love she freely gave,
Unmixed with self, for few were pure as she.
She loved the ardent soul of Amoron,
Seeking to lead him where he longed to go,
And teach him all the lore of good she knew.
Ere long they nearer drew, and other themes
Both loved, they touched in harmony of mind.
Together did they search in learning's mine
Together drank sweet draughts of poesy:
Richer is learning's feast when spiced by love;
And over Poet's page fond hearts should thrill
In concert, echoing its music back.

In these two hearts grew love beneath such skies,
Though neither yet confessed it to himself;—
But where the other was not each was sad.
And oft they strayed beneath the moon and stars,
Through verdant groves or by the river's side,
And, happy, talked of everything but love;
Yet love was in their talk, although unknown,
And lent their tones, and all they said a charm.
Twilight they loved the most,—the hour of love,
For 'tis the time when Day and Night embrace.

One eve they sat upon a favorite hill;
A darkling grove behind; below, in front,
A tortuous river flowed, with green trees fringed.
They watched until the golden bowl of day
Fell down among the hills, was broken there,
And flooded hill and dale with molten gold:
The silver chord that bound the Night was loosed,
And forth she came, still in her twilight youth.
With beauty overwhelmed, they sat awhile,
Too full of bliss for words, but heaving breasts
And flashing eyes told what tongues could not speak.
Thought Amoron, "O would she hear me now,
And I might have let affection's tide have way!
Love-words alone suit such a scene as this;
Would my deep sighs might sway her heart, as winds
The trees, to shed its blossoms upon me."

But piercing heaven with her gaze, her face
Illumined with a moon-like glow, she said:—

Those sunset glories seem to me
A glimmer through the gate of heaven
Ope'd to admit retiring Day.
If that so beautiful,
What must its whole clear radiance be?
What are the richest joys of earth
To what that land can yield?
And what a price is toil or pain
For these few mortal years,
To pay for that eternal light of joy!

Her lover said:—
Why make the path that leads
To glory's crown so difficult?
Your heaven is hedged with thorns
That tear you when you would approach.

The other answered with her earnest voice:—
Who made all knows all, and all souls,
How bright soe'er, are drops
From wisdom's sea, his boundless mind.
Believe Him but omnipotent,
And Reason but his creature,—then
Will faith dispel each shadow of a doubt.

We cannot doubt that God is love,
And what seem trials are but steps
Up mercy's ladder to the skies.
Yet never dare to search
For truths he does not choose to show.

He said:—
Well, in this faith I'll rest:
That all things God has made are good
—Since their great source is pure—
From the empyrean down to lowest hell;
And would he but illume what now is dark,
No discord would be heard,
But all would praise Him, as they sometime will.

The lady said:—
Too daring is your soul my friend,
That strives to learn the secrets of the skies.
Yours is a soaring mind,—
A Jehu on the chariot poesy,
Whose steeds—the one imagination called,
The other fancy—you should curb,
And never rein them in forbidden paths,
To trample on the flowers of truth:
Guide them along the way of right,
And better minds shall be your company.

He answered her:—

I long have sought to toil
For truth and love alone,
Indifferent to praise or blame;
And only watered by the truth,
I feel, will bloom true poesy.
Inconstant as the gales
Of loveliness is mortal praise.
I would seek Beauty for herself alone,—
Her smiles my dear and sole reward.
But 'tis not easy to restrain
A heart so wandering as mine,
That veers to every wind
That scents of joy, no matter whence it comes.
In love alone my safety lies,
For Love is queen of all
The joys I care to know:
Let Beauty robe her form,
And she is bliss itself;
Her flowery path the road to heaven.
I would that she upon whose heart
I pour the incense of my own
Should bear for me the keys of bliss.

One summer afternoon, a dreamy time,
When air seems languid with the breath of flowers,

They talked together till the sun went down,
As was their wont, and then said Amoron:—

Sing me that plaintive song,
You call the "Poet's Requiem."
Music is sweetest at this hour,
But should be soft, or sad;
For Twilight hates the noise of gaiety,
And so does Love in purest mood.

Then sang she, with her sweet and tender voice:—

A spirit winged with love
Its chain has broken, and returned
To that bright home above,
Whose glorious radiance through it burned:
To bask for ever in the light
That shone, though dimmed by life's sad night,
Along its pathway here.
Its hopes and longings are attained;
Its destination now is gained;
It waits no golden year,
Nor dwells in disappointment's shade, nor fears
Approaching fates, nor craves the boon of tears.

A light is gone, and sad
Are we, in drearer darkness now,

Yet why not still be glad?
Each vanished joy returns, the brow
Of Time with Beauty's wreath is bound:
Salt tears may flow, and sighs may sound
The requiem of our hopes:
Eternity's pure rays illume
Our way; beyond the dreary tomb
A golden portal opes,
Through which those bright ones pass, and through it gleams
A glory purer than we see in dreams.

Each passing joy returns;
Like sunshine glimmers Genius' ray,
While in our midst it burns;
But when 'tis gone, like shining day,
Itself unseen, its radiance beams,
With heaven-sent hopes and loveful dreams,
On other human souls,
That, like sweet stars, reflect its light,
Cheering with silvery glow earth's night;
And through time's space still rolls
The memory of a lost one like a moon;—
Change cannot rob us of this diamond boon.

The notes were hushed, but in his echoing soul
They left their melody. Said Leonore:—

Repeat to me some lay
That you have made to lady fair;
Some souvenir of your loves;
For many such you must have had,
Or are no Poet else.

Long he refused her for the worthlessness
Of all the little blossoms of his loves;
But urged more earnestly, recited this:—

Adown the purple west
The rosy King of day
His golden chariot wheeled, and sank to rest;
Then came the Twilight gray,
Sweet child of Darkness and of Light,
And fled at the approach of Night.

Star-dimpled Eve reigned now,
Throned on the argent moon:
Her mantle rested on the mountain's brow;
Behind her followed soon
Soft Silence, old Night's paramour,
Whose kingdom borders Lethe's shore.

We sat beside a stream,
That drank the moonbeams sweet,

As o'er a soul another's love-rays gleam;—
Our hearts with rapture beat,
As if from out our bosoms soon
They would escape, and blend in one.

Clear sang the whippoorwill
A plaintive song of love;
The hooting owl upon the distant hill
Answered the turtle-dove;
While spirit eyes in heaven blue,
Showered on us tears of light, like dew.

I said, "Would, Love, that I
Were yon stream flowing near,
And thou a bright star in that azure sky,
Me with thy light to cheer;
Thus ever sparkling on my breast,
To soothe me to a peaceful rest."

You answered, "Would that we
Were spirits pure and bright,
To rove through space, and all its glories see,
And taste the spheres delights:
Something within me oft has told
'Twill be thus when these forms are cold."

'Tis long since we have met,
And now estranged from thee,
I can no longer say I love thee, yet
Thou livest in memory.
Our love was like the sunset bright,
Too soon to melt away in night.

I'm sitting now alone
Beside the same clear stream;
I'm thinking of thee; and our love, now flown,
Seems like a golden dream:
Yet fain were I, by this same shore,
That dream of love to dream once more.

Another time they read a jewelled lay
Of one who made a sacrifice for love,
And took an injured one, forgot her wrongs,
And loved her none the less, for she was pure,
Though cursed by others' guilt that caused her woe.
Touched by the noble tale, said Amoron:—

Such sacrifice of self
Must cancel many sins.
Who places on his brow the iron crown,
Will find it turned to gold and set with gems;
A robe of joy will clothe his soul,

More rich than royal purple, or the hues
That deck the lilies of the field.
Would I could find a soul
That mated with my own,
Cast in some dark misfortune's slough;
I'd pluck the jewel from the mire,
And wear it on my heart.
Methinks that she would love me truly then,
For I should earn her bosom's wealth,
And love her more, for I should feel
That she was all my own—
Rejected by the world,
Yet my chief corner-stone of bliss.

Said Leonore:—
But would your love endure?
This selfishness, though we may think it crushed,
Springs, like a weed, in every soil.
Perhaps the hours would come
When, your more noble spirit dim,
Your heart would wander from your love,
And long for something that your youthful pride
Had promised for your happiness,
Which she who claimed your vows had not supplied.
There is no sadder wail of any soul
Than that same desolate—'*Tis not enough*,
When it can gain no more.

Then Amoron replied:—
The one I seek is pure as dew;
She shall be beautiful, if that may be,
And yet unfortunate:—
Perhaps an orphan or a beggar-maid,
Or one whose heart has known
The sundering of the ties of love,
Yet with a spirit strung
To those high raptures still.
Grief is affection's firmest bond:
The tears of pity nourish love.

The lady loved the youth, though unconfest;
Love sometimes grows in secret till it blooms.
She loved his gentle ways, his rosy talk;
And felt a new joy springing in her heart,
To be with him and know herself beloved.
Their souls seemed tuned in concert in the skies;—
Apart found discord in all other minds;
But joined again made joyous harmony,
That through eternity was made to sound.
Their converse still went on, and closer grew
Their hearts, until they were no longer two.
One night, when love's full moon had drawn her heart
Until its tide o'erflowed, said Leonore,
In answer to his earnest prayer of love:—

Could you but walk with me
The star-paved road where Christ has led,
(What you call thorns are but the starry points)
Methinks that I could love you well;
The hand in which I trust my own
Must lead me to the portals of the skies.

Said Amoron, with eagerness:—
Be thou the leader, I will follow thee!
Or, hand in hand we'll follow Christ.
Nor will I leave thee at the gate of heaven;—
No, through eternity we'll love,
Where only love is pure.
There, in that clearer atmosphere,
Each soul shall clothe itself
In its own native loveliness—
A miniature of God.
In flowery fields we'll stray,
By rivers of delight;
Or, happy, sit in vernal groves,
And frame psalterian lays
To our eternal King,—
Our blest employment there—
Or talk in strains of hymnic poesy,
The Angels' language, purest in that sphere.

The summer rolled away on wheels of bliss;
The autumn found them one in soul; the spring
Was chosen to tie their lives before the world.
Their hours were prankt with flowers of ecstacy,
All other feelings drowned in that deep sea
Of love, whose waves of joy dashed o'er their hearts.
They mined each others' souls, and found each day
Some new delight or goodness hid before.
To his betrothed one day said Amoron:—

Too long we've slumbered in the arms of Love,
Lulled by sweet dreams of bliss.
No good is gained except by toil;
And I must earn your heart
Before I take it at your hand.
Now will I labor in the fields
Wherein my spirit bids me work,
And battle with my fate;
Bucklered and cuirassed by your love,
With my strong purpose armed.
Fortune shall ope her doors
To my impetuous soul:
And Christ's pure law shall be my chart,
Which you have taught me how to read.
This love's a golden chord
Let down from heaven to draw me up.

Then Leonore:—

Not always bright will be our skies,
But grief renews the arid soul;
And my heart's balm of tenderness
Shall be distilled for you.
My spirit shall be coined in prayers,
Which Heaven will perhaps receive,
Returning blessings for my friends.
If sorrow in our cup be mixed,
Yet will we sweeten it with love,
And bless the Father still
For his rich boon of grief;
For God but pierces our hard hearts
To pour his mercy in the wound.
These truths we can believe:—
That sorrow's waters are the fount
Of purest happiness;
Only to those beloved of Heaven
Are trials sent, that lead the spirit up
The sacred way the Prince of glory passed.

With ardor said the Poet youth:—

Thy nobler than a Poet's soul
Shall lend its radiance to my own,
And keep it pure and bright.
One perfect spirit ours united form,
That even Death shall not divide.

When winter spoiled their trysting grounds with snow,
They parted for awhile; each looking up
The summer's bloom and gladness in his heart;
And, happy in the shadow of their bliss,
They toiled, preparing for the work of life.
With soul that saw its end, and knew its power,
Soliloquized the happy Amoron:—

At last I plainly see the goal
Of all my childish hopes and wonderings.
My soul can measure now the edifice
That Manhood will complete
From Youth's confused materials
Of hopes and sunsets, dreams and beaming eyes,
Well mixed with rainbows, flowers, and stars.
My youthful soul soared loftily,
And, wearied, oft it feared to fall,
Its aim too far above.
Three things I asked of Fate—peace, love, and fame.
For love my hope-winged prayers went up,
And warbled on the walls of heaven.
An Angel leaning o'er the wall.

Has heard my earnest cry,
And dropped a jewel at my feet.
Now Love has brought her sister Peace.
Let Fame be in the sepulchre
Of selfish pleasures tombed,
And in her place let Faith appear.
Still does my spirit cling
To Beauty, Love, and Poesie,
Its trinity of earthly good:
They shall renew the world,
For they are children of the Glorious,—
His messengers of good to man.

No more he sorrowed for the unattained,
Nor questioned why his longings were not filled.
In faith's pure light he walked towards where he knew,
His wishes bloomed, whose fragrance cheered him here.
His soul no longer glowed so much for self,
But one more intensely burned with generous heat,
Consuming passion, fear, and selfishness.
Backwards and forwards o'er the path of time,
Imagination strayed with him, and taught
This lay he framed of past and future things:—

With dreams I wander back
Along Time's wreck-strewn track.
I hear the fiat pealing through the gloom,
"Let there be light!" and Darkness seek a tomb,

While Splendor kisses Earth, his Queen,
And robes her in flower-broidered green.
I roam in Eden's blissful bowers,
Inhaling fragrance of its flowers.
Appalled I hear the windows of the skies
Ope with great thunder, while commingling rise
The roar of floods and shrieks of human woe,
As o'er the world the rising waters flow.
Now to the chariot of war
Are harnessed steeds of force and wrong;
Grim Tyranny ascends the car,
And o'er the earth it rolls along:
But by the Prince of peace 'tis stayed,
For he the King of earth is made.
Westward the billows of Christ's empire roll,
With progress on the tide: from pole to pole
The sea spreads, passing round the earth,
To where its fountain first had birth,
Judea's land. And now behold
The new Jerusalem, with gold
And jewels glittering,—
The city of our King,
The court of peace and love,—
Descending from above.
The gathered remnant of God's chosen race,
The people's ensign in this sacred place,
Uplift his glorious banner here
For all the nations far and near.

Here love, and peace, and rapture only dwell;
To heaven's eternal King trisagions swell.

One boon I ask, O God above!
Some service in thy cause of love,
So my reward of toil may be
That those blest gates shall ope' to me.
And could I hope that thou wouldst grant my prayer,
Then I would ask the badge of love to wear;—
That in the world's fierce battle I might be
A bearer of the standard poesy.

Perhaps his prayer was too presumptuous,
And fell unheeded at the feet of God;
Or, winged with folly, never reached its goal.
One cannot always tell if 'tis the voice
Of Destiny he hears, or whether 'tis
Adventurous Fancy imitating her.

The pair soon launched their bark, and prayed for gales
From heaven to waft them to Elysian isles:
Trusting in Him who rules the storm they sailed,—
Guided by faith and beaconed with pure hope,—
To where life's ocean meets the bending skies.

THE END.